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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

WHILE our paper was on its way to our readers last week, President ARTHUR nominated Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING to the place vacated by Mr. Justice HUNT on the Supreme Bench. Objection by Mr. HOAR of Massachusetts caused the reference of the nomination to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, instead of the immediate action usually granted to nominations of former members of the Senate; and on Tuesday the Committee reported it to the Senate favorably. From the first, there was little doubt in any quarter as to the action the Senate would take. Nobody professed to believe that anything like a majority of the Senate regarded the nomination as a proper one; and yet nobody expected that that body would discharge its Constitutional duty of rejecting it as unfit to be made. It is very generally known that Senators of no class are free to oppose their own judgment to that of the President in the matter of nominations to important offices. Under the "spoils system," they are, one and all, under constant obligation to the Executive for appointments of their political friends. Members of the opposition are ensnared in the same toils with the Senators of the dominant party. One and all know, that, if they give offence to the White House, they need ask no more favors in that quarter; and, with the constant pressure from friends and constituents for places, they cannot afford to do without such favors. There are exceptions; but this is the rule. If the country needed any stronger evidence of the necessity of a reform of the civil service, it has it in the spectacle of a Senate of the United States making Mr. CONKLING a Judge of the Supreme Court before the grass has grown on Mr. GARFIELD's grave. It is especially amazing that the Democrats in the Senate should not have perceived and embraced their opportunity. For thirty years, the Democratic party has not done one really popular thing. This was their chance. A solid resistance to this nomination would have crowned them with such glory as their brows long since became unused to. When they go before the people with criticisms and denunciations of this Administration, it will be in order to retort upon them: "Yes, you can find fault and criticise here; but, when the Constitution bade you resist a bad nomination, you sold yourselves to the Administration for the sake of an occasional favor in the appointments."

THERE is no higher act vested in any American official than the nomination and confirmation of a Judge for the Supreme Bench. The other departments of the Government are filled by the people. They choose their national Executive and their Legislature. But, to guard against hasty and unintelligent action on their own part, they decided to forbear the choice of the national judiciary, and to place that where they might count upon the exercise of high principle and cautious judgment, as well as much experience in the selection and criticism of men. And, for the same reason, they decided that the selections thus made should be permanent. Presidents pass out of office; the Senate changes its constituent elements; but the United States Judge remains during "life or good behavior." His functions are higher than theirs, as well as more lasting. In his hands are the highest decisions of public policy; he is called at times to sit in judgment on the doings of Presidents and Congresses, and to wipe enactments out of the statute-books they have been making, because they do not conform to his understanding of the "supreme law of the land." From this court, the authors of the Constitution and the generation which sanctioned their work manifestly expected great things. It was the most peculiar and original feature of the new system of government. It was a tribunal different in its constitution from anything known to European governments. It was expected to form the balance-wheel of the new system, and to moderate the extremes of party action. No greater calamity is known to Ameri-

can history than the complete break-down of these high expectations, when, in 1856, the Supreme Court showed, by the DRED SCOTT decision, its utter incompetency to act as a mediating force between the parties then engaged in the struggle over slavery. To retrieve that failure and restore this great tribunal to the place it was meant to hold in the respect and the affections of the people, would be a task for a great President, wisely selecting the safest and most judicial minds of the legal profession for the vacancies occurring during his term of office.

WHEN President ARTHUR raised Judge GRAY of Massachusetts to the place vacated by Justice CLIFFORD, the country thought it had reason to believe that the new President cherished this ambition. No act of his administration was more widely and deservedly popular. None did so much to draw to him the support of the thoughtful and independent elements in our political make-up. But he has dashed all such hopes in the selection of Mr. CONKLING. That the same mind can regard both Mr. GRAY and Mr. CONKLING as fit men for such high places, furnishes a psychological problem we cannot solve. Had either of these nominations stood alone, it would have explained itself, showing that Mr. ARTHUR's ideal was a high one or a low one. The two, taken together, make up a flat contradiction. The nearest approach to a solution is that, when Mr. ARTHUR selected Mr. GRAY, he did so for reasons which ought always to govern such selections; but that, when he selected Mr. CONKLING, he did so for considerations which never ought to be regarded in making them. Mr. GRAY is a legal scholar, fully acquainted with the literature and the history of his profession. When his friends speak of Mr. CONKLING as "an able lawyer," they can mean no more than that his rhetorical abilities have made him in several instances a successful advocate at the bar. Mr. GRAY is a man of judicial character; although early associated with the "free soil" movement, he withdrew from all active and visible participation in politics on his elevation to the bench, and has the complete confidence of men of every party. Mr. CONKLING's very atmosphere of thought is partisanship. He has never looked at any great question, except with reference to its party bearings, and, by a Nemesis which follows the mere partisan, he has lost even that degree of breadth in his late years, so that he now sees nothing except in its reference to his own faction of his party. The one adds dignity to the tribunal; the other detracts from the moral force of every decision which it will pronounce while he occupies a place on it.

THE political effects of this appointment are not hard to prognosticate. President ARTHUR parts company with all who profess and call themselves GARFIELD Republicans. He turns his back on the memory of the man whom he and his associates honored last Monday with their lip-service. He makes it quite certain, that, if the Republican party is to go unitedly into the campaign of 1884, it will not be through any pacific influence he will have exerted in the meantime. Mr. CONKLING is a man tried and found wanting by the rank and file of the Republican party. The people of his own State remanded him to private life for his merciless and unresisted attacks upon the good name of a President who is ten-fold dearer to them now than when Mr. CONKLING went back to Albany to sue in vain for a re-election to the Senate. Sharp as was the judgment they then pronounced, it became ten-fold sharper when the death of the President grew out of the one-sided quarrel. We never have said a word that might imply Mr. CONKLING's responsibility for that death. But to have been, however indirectly, the means of such a loss to the nation, would have been a good reason for a retirement to private life and a desire to be forgotten in the arena of politics. Mr. CONKLING, Mr. ARTHUR and the "GRANT crowd" do

not think so. Their LINCOLN Club dinner showed how little Mr. GARFIELD is to them and how great they are to each other. The people of New York and of America want nothing better than one fair opportunity to give these men its judgment of their comparative magnitudes. It will not need a second.

THE nomination of Mr. SARGENT of California to be Minister to Germany, sent in at the same time with that of Mr. CONKLING, may have been expected to "pass in a crowd,"—to go by with less criticism when the fire of the public batteries was turned upon the accompanying name. It is very certain that Mr. SARGENT is not of the same company as some of his predecessors,—President WHITE, Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, or Mr. BANCROFT, for instance,—and in a society like that at Berlin it is probable the estimate placed upon the Western Republic's diplomatic accomplishments may again decline to a low registry; though, for the matter of that, a Government that classes American canned meats as tinware, and covered hams as cotton goods, hardly deserves to have poets and historians accredited to it as envoys. Mr. SARGENT enjoys, in the present case, a fictitious advantage, something like the idea which eases off Mr. CONKLING's nomination,—that to put a man on the bench is to put him on the shelf; for it had been greatly feared, if not strongly anticipated, that the President meant to make him Secretary of the Interior. As between having him at the head of that important department, with all its delicate and trying responsibilities, exposed to the assaults of every sort of "ring," and having him go to bother the high aristocracy of the Kaiser's capital, there cannot be a moment's hesitation. The New York *Evening Post*, indeed, regards him as a very suitable man for the place; though, perhaps, Mr. SCHURZ was so elate at the Interior Department's escape that he did not duly weigh his words.

To some aspects of Mr. BLAINE's oration on GARFIELD, we have alluded elsewhere; but we cannot refrain, besides, from the expression of our satisfaction with the reticence which characterized the performance. Some of his over-zealous friends promised us, without any authority, that he would take the opportunity to castigate the Stalwarts. Nothing could have been in worse taste; nothing could be in better taste than the oration as actually delivered. The ex Secretary will not want for either opportunity or provocation to speak his mind of the Stalwarts. He had no need to abuse a solemn-national celebration for the purpose, and his oration is as clear of every breach of that sort as it is full of eloquence and strength.

WHILE expressing our approval of the general scope of Mr. BLAINE's foreign policy, we refrained purposely from any comment on the relation of that policy to the claims pressed by certain American citizens with regard to guano and nitrate rights. After a fair amount of effort to master the facts in the case, we found ourselves much in the dark as to the worth of these claims and as to the course taken by our Government with regard to them. We are still in that difficulty, because we cannot see our way to accepting the attempts of our contemporaries to patch up a consistent and connected story,—attempts discredited by every new revelation from the parties concerned. We regret very much that Mr. BLAINE ever took up private claims of any kind in the present situation of Peruvian affairs. We regret still more that he and Mr. HURLBUT have complicated their diplomatic activity with claims whose merits seem to be very slight, indeed. But we decline, until further proof is furnished, to believe that Mr. BLAINE was a voluntary partner in the wild Peruvian schemes of the ex-preacher, Mr. SHEPHERD, or that—as has been insinuated by respectable newspapers,—he has tried to cover up that connection by abstracting a number of papers from the archives of the State Department. We never have regarded Mr. BLAINE as a statesman *sans reproche* in matters of money and of speculation. But neither have we learned to regard him as a fool. It is well that Congress has taken the matter up and means to press it to a complete investigation. In this matter, the country will have more confidence in Congress than in some of the gentlemen who furnish us the latest news from the State Department.

MR. EDMUNDS, by his anti-polygamy bill, has fairly roused the Mormons. Previous legislation and proposals for legislation did not scare

them much. They saw ways by which they could evade the measures enacted or proposed. Mr. EDMUNDS proposes to constitute in Utah a Territorial Government from which they are to be excluded altogether, and to arm this Government with summary powers for the suppression of the practices forbidden by the laws of 1862. They have no doubt whatever as to the way in which those powers will be used; but they did not expect that Congress would show itself willing to move so vigorously. We again express our hope that the new law will be, however severe, yet just in its severity, distinguishing between those who have committed polygamy only before 1862 and subsequent offenders.

A POST-OFFICE appropriation bill is usually an insignificant measure, and does not elicit much discussion. Thanks to the Star Route exposures, that of 1882 has been the subject of a very lively discussion, in which some friends of the Star Route contractors vainly strove to bespatter the good name of Mr. JAMES. An especial point at which these gentlemen aimed was the reduction of the appropriation for fast mail service between the great cities. They did not see why those communities should be given such facilities. The reason is a very simple one. The great cities pay the cost of the post-office system and enable its maintenance in the outlying and unremunerative districts in which the Star Routes lie. For this reason, they have a right to better accommodations. Besides, fast mails induce them to use the post-office in preference to the telegraph, and thus contribute to the revenue of that department. The new bill is an improvement on its predecessor, in that it forbids the practice of sub-letting contracts. This was the device by which the whole contracting system was kept in the hands of the Star Route "ring," and the people who did the work were largely fleeced. This clause, together with Mr. BREWSTER's opinion that the Department can reject the bids of those whom it knows to be swindlers, probably will enable the Government to break up the "ring" entirely.

IN *The Times* (New York,) of Tuesday, we find a most remarkable version of the Indiana campaign before the State election of October, 1880. The article is written at Columbus, Ohio, and its author professes to have a most intimate acquaintance with what went on behind the scenes. He charges that the editor of *The Enquirer* (Cincinnati,) was in collusion with the Republicans throughout; that estimates of the strength of the two parties in Indiana appeared in its columns, which professed to come from Democrats, but were furnished by Republican officials, and were meant to dishearten the Democrats by their appearance in a Democratic newspaper. He says that the Republicans had agents in the immediate service of the Democratic campaign committees, who kept them posted as to all that was happening, and who, on one occasion, carried off the Democratic poll-book, which was taken to Mentor and shown to Mr. GARFIELD, to convince him that his prospects were excellent. We do not know what to make of the story, but we must say, that, if true, it is an extremely disgraceful one to both Mr. DUDLEY and the editor of *The Enquirer*. If Mr. DUDLEY—which we are loath to believe,—carried the State in this fashion, then he is not a man fit to be trusted with the affairs of the Pension Bureau or with any trust which gives him an opportunity of crooked dealing. The story does not fit into all that we heard from well-informed sources during the campaign; but on some points it does so very exactly. Thus, the author contradicts the common impression that the large sums furnished by the Republicans for the campaign were used for the purpose of corrupting voters. They were used, as we always knew, to maintain an extremely costly system of patrols, to prevent the State from being colonized from Kentucky and other quarters. But we do not see that there is much to choose between buying voters and corrupting confidential agents.

Another piece of news in the letter is more palpably true. It seems that Mr. VOORHEES saw Mr. WATTERSON's "tariff for revenue only" before the platform was reported to the Convention, and that he openly opposed the adoption of that clause. He predicted that it would lose Indiana to the Democracy. "He argued that the State had grown rapidly in manufactures; that many were being established, and that millions of dollars were invested; that Democratic capitalists would combine and defeat the ticket."

MR. EMORY STORRS, for the Western railroads, follows up Mr. MAC-VEAGH's argument against the REAGAN Bill. Both gentlemen start from the assumption that railroad property is like any other, and that its stockholders and directors have as much right to do as they please with it as have the owners of the farms it passes to do as they please with those farms. The assumption ignores the nature of the origin of railroad franchises. Every railroad owes its existence to the exercise of the State's right of eminent domain. It is given the right of way, with compensation to existing owners; but the owners are not asked whether they will sell. It is the rankest communism to assume that such a process can result in the creation of private property. The State cannot take property by the exercise of that right for any but public purposes. It does so on the plea of public convenience. And, as a Philadelphia Court decided with reference to a street which had been closed, when property thus taken ceases to be used for public purposes, it lapses to the estate from which it was detached, and does not remain in the possession of those who acquired it by virtue of eminent domain. When the railroads deny their character as public servants, they renounce their own franchises.

MR. CHARLES F. ADAMS, Jr., has been giving the public his view of railroad reform. It amounts to little more than a proposal to create a board of three commissioners, with power to investigate the whole matter and with the duty of reporting proposals for appropriate legislation to Congress. This is rather disappointing. The country at large gave Mr. ADAMS credit for a pretty extensive acquaintance with the subject, and looked for something more definite than this. Does he find the railroad problem as perplexing as the Greek sage found the demand for a definition of eternity, so that, the more he looks into it, the more time he wants for its solution? At any rate, it is comforting to see how his proposals are applauded by those very newspapers who could not wait one year for a report of a commission on the certainly not less difficult subject of the tariff. One of these says: "He has no faith in off-hand legislation when dealing with a subject so complex and intricate, and so far-reaching in its relations to the material interests of the people. Mr. ADAMS insists that every step shall be taken in the light of a full knowledge of what is needed and of what the effect of that step will be." *Mutato nomine*, etc.

It was a piece of sentimental foolishness to erect a monument to Major ANDRÉ on American soil, and we confess we are not surprised to discover that it has been defaced wantonly by some unknown but equally foolish person. Major ANDRÉ had nothing in his character or his life to call for commemoration beyond a tomb-stone here or a mural tablet in his own country. The circumstances under which he forfeited his life have connected his name with associations which must ever be unpleasant to Americans. For this reason, Americans generally have never entered into the pathetic sentimentalism which associates itself with his love-story; and in Philadelphia he will be remembered only as a man who used the privileges of conquest to help himself to books which were not his property. The erection of the Tarrytown monument was one of Dean STANLEY's irenic ideas; but it was a blunder. Of course, the offender must be punished, if he can be caught; but the State of New York should take steps for the removal of the structure as a needless provocative to such outrages.

OUR New York friends want to have the Mint removed from Philadelphia to their city. There is something to be said for the proposal, but also one very serious objection to it. They cannot furnish any suitable site. The only one suggested is Governor's Island. We think Congress will hardly see the wisdom of making an island in a defenceless harbor the place for depositing and treating great quantities of gold and silver bullion. In war, such a mint would have to suspend operations; in peace, it would offer unusual facilities for robbery.

THE Canadian Ministry are fairly entitled to boast of the success of their national policy adopted in 1879. In three years' time, Canada has been lifted out of the slough of depression and distress, employment found for her surplus labor, her manufactures extended and made prosperous, and her annual deficit converted into a handsome surplus. Of

course, the Grits discover that all this has been at a great loss to the people, and that it has cost every workman two-pence farthing to have things made at home instead of importing them. But even they are by no means unanimous in this, and one Liberal made something of a sensation by declaring, that, although he had opposed the tariff when it was proposed, what he saw of its actual workings had led him to change his mind.

MR. GLADSTONE evidently has been on the anxious bench for a week past. On the one hand, he was not sure of the House as regards his new rules for ending debate. On the other, he was afraid that the Peers were about to undo by their commission all that the land courts were doing for the Irish tenants. The conference of Liberal members held at his house had reference only to the latter difficulty. It explained his reasons for the extreme measure he had proposed in moving a disapproval of the commission proposed by the Peers. We say, an extreme measure; for each branch of Parliament is as much accustomed to take independent action in such matters as are our House and Senate. The American Senate would open its eyes very wide if the leader of the House moved a formal disapprobation of an investigation begun by the Senate. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE did this, and thereby accomplished two purposes. He forced the Peers to declare that they would not interfere with the land courts, but merely would consider the landlords' right to compensation. He also strengthened—for the time, at least,—the *esprit de corps* of his own party. The chance of his carrying the new rules by a good majority are distinctly improved by this little tilt with the Lords.

THE voters of Meath having elected Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT a member of the House of Commons, the House has declared the election void and ordered a new poll. This is the heavy English way of doing it; but it would have been much cleverer to have adopted Mr. COWEN's proposal to let Mr. DAVITT out of jail. In that case, he either would have stayed away from the House and resigned the seat, or he would have presented himself to take the oath. We can hardly conceive of Mr. DAVITT doing the latter; but, if he had, he might have been caught up much more roughly than was Mr. BRADLAUGH. Mr. DAVITT's oath to the Fenian Brotherhood is quite inconsistent with any oath of allegiance to Queen VICTORIA. It is true there are Home Rulers in the House who have taken both; but their connection with the Irish Republic is not notorious, as was Mr. DAVITT's. And, while he has renounced avowedly all other weapons for those of peaceful agitation, his Fenian record still clings to him. As it is, the House has accomplished nothing but just such a defiance of a constituency as led to the WILKES troubles, a century ago.

How much the official disownment of General SKOBLEFF's speech means, is as hard to say as it was to say how much the speech meant. Of course, the pressure from Berlin for a declaration against it was most urgent; yet Germany knows that she has her warning, and that overmuch patronage of Austria-Hungary may lead to war. It is true, that, in a military point of view, she has little to fear; but she knows, also, that the huge Russian armies fight obstinately, and that the losses of such a struggle would be felt far more keenly in Germany than in Russia.

Of the trial of the twenty-one Nihilists, it is difficult to make out much from the meagre telegraphic reports. That more than half escaped the death penalty, shows that the judges were less bloodthirsty than reported. Of the ten sentenced to death, all except those actually engaged in the assassination probably will receive commutations. Russia is not governed as under NICHOLAS.

THE MEMORY OF GARFIELD.

THE great assembly in the Capitol and the fine oration of Mr. BLAINE mark with sad emphasis the changes of a year. Almost an exact twelvemonth before, the object of the eulogy had placed himself a little distance away to take the oath of the office to which the people had chosen him, and to enter upon its duties with such spirit and ability as insured their high discharge. On the 4th of March, a year ago, the new President stood at the

summit of his career. He gave the rich promise of a patriotic and wise administration. His views were broad, his intellect strong, his experience great. By the circumstances of his origin and early life, and by the native qualities of his heart and mind, he was one completely sympathetic with the just objects of American government. The principles that underlie our fabric were exemplified in his own character. Not alone by the words of his address, as he faced the great audience of the nation, did he inspire confidence and cause glad expectation; his achievements in peace and in war had marked him as one who might be trusted to do his best and to do well.

It is the contrast with this situation that Mr. BLAINE's address so mournfully marks. At the beginning of the year, the hopes of the people were blossoming brightly; at its end, the orator in the Capitol pronounced the funeral oration over their dry and withered leaves.

But how is it? Shall not this occasion, recalling the memory of GARFIELD, recall the nation to pursue his work? Is it not time, and are not these circumstances the reminder, to summon the people back to the feelings and purposes of a year ago? What seemed then so full of promise, because it seemed so good, is still worthy to be maintained and pursued. As the President then stood in the presence of the country, assuring it by his own personality and by the outline of his administrative plans, the future seemed bright, and its anticipated outcome was such as warmed the heart of everyone whose interests were identified with the general welfare and happiness. Shall we not, therefore, recur now to the situation of that time? Shall we abandon the principles and methods that then seemed so good? Is it to be said that because GARFIELD is dead that which he represented in the minds of the American people is dead likewise?

A year has passed since the inauguration, eight months since the prostration, five months and more since the burial. The time has come for those who believe in the GARFIELD system to demand its realization in the national life. The revolution which the assassin's bullet wrought may have been complete, or not, so far as concerns the personality of the Administration and its surroundings; but, without regard to this, the duty of the people is perfectly plain. They are not to acquiesce in changes which destroy the expectations of last March. They are not to tacitly participate in the reversal of the policy which a year ago they welcomed and approved. What was right then, in its broad and essential features, is right to-day. The applause they gave to GARFIELD, as he stood upon the front of the Capitol, taking his oath, was applause, not empty of meaning, but full of the intelligent comprehension of what he would go forward to do. They are, therefore, required to stand fast in that which they then believed, and to demand that it be, in the hands of GARFIELD's successor, faithfully maintained.

President GARFIELD designed a liberal policy. He meant to deal fairly with every reputable element of the party that had elected him. He had no factional spirit. His purpose included a just recognition of Republicans who differed from him on mere points of detail. He entertained no schemes of proscription. His Cabinet contained members who had stood nearer to his Republican opponents than they had to himself. He had no idea of confining to a clique or a "ring" the powers and prerogatives which the whole party had placed in his hands, and which, under the Constitution, he held in trust for all the people. He meant to improve the public service. He knew the need of improvement. However hackneyed the name of reform, however dishonestly it has been invoked by demagogues and scoundrels, he still knew that reform was the duty of every faithful President. He meant to keep his Administration clean. He intended to drive away from it the harpies and the jobbers who throng around any President who does not show himself earnestly hostile to corruption.

He meant, too, to keep it free from mean intrigues and low alliances. He hoped for success before the sight of the people, and not through secret bargains with the venal elements of an opposing party. It was his object to keep his flag flying unstained and unsullied; to act in the open, with honor and courage; to succeed by true and positive merit. He believed in restoring to the people their impaired political freedom. Never a "boss" himself, never one who depended for his triumphs upon the appliances of a "machine," he resented, as every intelligent man must do, the whole infamous system by which "boss"-ship is maintained. He believed in independence and personal freedom; he did not tolerate the methods by which, in the interest of an insolent partisanship, they are to be gagged and bound. In every respect, his views, his methods and his plans were lofty and honorable.

When his successor took office, in September last, it was with the promise of carrying forward the work of President GARFIELD. The country heard this promise and noted it. Shall we not ask, now, whether in spirit and in truth it is to be kept? Mr. ARTHUR is not President for himself alone, nor for a narrow circle, nor for that element in his party with which he was identified before his election. He came into office under such tragic circumstances as bound him, in the estimation of all beholders, and, doubtless, also, in his own, not to reverse the policy of the chief to whom he succeeded. To take advantage of the assassin's act would be a frightful perversion of duty. To make good to those whom the convention at Chicago and the electors at the November polls refused to sustain, all they lost in those votes of want of confidence, would be unfaithfulness, indeed. In the five months in which he has been President, Mr. ARTHUR has been observed with a kindly and friendly eye. There has been a disposition, practically universal and complete, to view his administration without prejudice and in the most tolerant and cordial spirit. No one has been swift to condemn him; no one has desired to misrepresent or misjudge him. It cannot, therefore, be considered untimely, now that we find a half-year almost expiring, to ask his attention to the duties which fell upon him when he succeeded to his office. Mr. BLAINE told with fidelity, and without offence, in his presence, on Monday, the story of GARFIELD's life and the record of GARFIELD's public service. These had and have to the American people a distinct significance. They are idealized, doubtless; they represent in the public mind something more than the dead President himself could ever have realized in his Administration; but they are none the less positive and actual. Mr. ARTHUR, as he listened to the oration, must have felt their influence,—or, better, their inspiration. It must be said, this day, in candor and in kindness, that he is summoned by the nation to realize them in the principles and the acts of his Administration. The time is ripe; the public purpose is exigent; delay will be irreparable.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PHILADELPHIA ELECTIONS.

SOME of our contemporaries, in estimating the effect of the new distribution of members and electoral votes among the States, print tables of Republican, Democratic and doubtful States. In the former lists our own State always figures, by reason of the large majority given for Mr. GARFIELD in 1880. This assumption that Pennsylvania is safe for the Republicans in 1884 and in 1888 is made in ignorance of what has been taking place within the State during the last two years. Pennsylvania belongs already to the list of doubtful States; if the present drift of opinion continues, and we see no reason to expect a change, then by 1884 Pennsylvania can be depended upon to defeat any candidate whom the Stalwart faction may put in nomination.

The reason for this is found in the new attitude of the voters in the two great cities of the Commonwealth. Everybody knows that Pennsylvania without Philadelphia, and still more without

Pittsburgh, is usually a Democratic State. But few people seem to feel the significance of the fact that Philadelphia and Pittsburgh both have Democratic Mayors, that Philadelphia has just elected to her Councils a larger body of Democrats than at any time since 1860, and that wards which have been counted the very stronghold of the Republican party, have elected Democratic councilmen. This city is no longer a pocket-borough of the Republican party, and, since the city has ceased to be so, the State itself cannot be counted such.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Philadelphia revolt is nothing more than an uprising against certain specific abuses in the city government. Of course, these abuses have played their part. Mr. CHAMBERS and his associates in the Board of Guardians, and Mr. McMANES and his friends in the Gas Trust, both have helped to make votes for reform. But the revolt was one against the very principle of "bossism" in politics. Parodying the Irishman's maxim, "When you see a head, hit it," the Philadelphia revolter says: "When you see a 'boss,' have at him." To-day, it is Mr. McMANES. To-morrow, it will be Mr. CAMERON or the Senatorial triumvirate. The principle of corrupt domination in politics is the one the citizens of Philadelphia voted down two weeks ago. They do not mean to confine that to the smallest offenders. They have been going through an education, during the past three years, which has taught them that loyalty to party is not the first or chief duty of the American citizen. They have been emancipated in increasing numbers from the slavery to mere party names, and taught to demand the selection of honest men by the nominating conventions. They will scan the gubernatorial ticket of this summer and the Presidential ticket of two years hence, just as sharply as they scanned the nomination for Councils. In brief, the politicians may as well take notice that there are in Pennsylvania more than enough Independent voters to hold the balance of power, and that the spirit of the Independents was never higher or more resolute than at this moment.

It is an excellent sign that the Committee of One Hundred and their friends, instead of giving themselves over to mere jubilation over their victory, realize that they are only at the beginning of their work. They are especially anxious as to the right use of the influence they are to exert in the selection of right men for the places to be filled by the newly elected Councils, and are moving with great carefulness before approving of any candidates for those places. But, great as is this responsibility, it is trifling as compared with that of the reform of the whole system of government. Upon them it will rest to decide whether the fruits of their victory are to be temporary or permanent. If they give their whole energies to the selection of the *personnel* of our civic system, something will be accomplished and many holes and corners cleaned out. But, after all, the bad and corrupting system will be left to create for us a new set of officials as reckless and as dishonest as the old.

It is a common temptation of all reformers to suppose that the wrong-doing of those whom they oppose arises from some innate depravity in them, and that a change from bad to good men is all that is needed. In the heat of the campaign, Mr. ROWAN and Mr. McMANES came to figure as incarnations of the evil principles and their personal defeat is accepted as the chief end of the struggle. But, after all, these men are human beings, with a better and a baser self in each of them; and that the baser self has too often been the controlling force in their political life, is due much more to the temptations of our political system than to any delight they have in evil for its own sake. Pick out a set of men not only up to but above the average of the voters who respond to the appeals of the Committee of One Hundred, and put them in charge of such a system of government as we have in Philadelphia, and the bad influence will harden them into a "machine" which will bring out

all that is selfish and mean in their characters. We have taken away from them all motive to honesty and to the respect for the popular voice. The wonder is that there are so many rags and remnants of self-respect and probity left in them.

It is not the change of men we need, but of system. We need, first of all, a new municipal organization, with the concentration of responsibility in the hands of the Mayor. No officer of the city government should be elective, except the Mayor and the members of Councils. All the others should be appointed by the Mayor, with the consent of the Select Council. The responsible heads of departments should be removable by him. Lesser places should be held during good behavior, with promotion for continued good service. With such a system, the best men in the city would be as ready to accept the post of Mayor as was Mr. Low in Brooklyn. The notion that popular interests are guarded by reducing the importance and power of executive offices, is one of those Democratic blunders which the Republicans have done nothing to correct. The more you cut down the importance of such an office, the more accessible you make it to small men.

The reform we propose would give us a municipal civil service whose members would have no motive to go into politics. Nobody could levy assessments on them, for the simple reason that they would not pay. No one could send them to "work up" a precinct, or "fix" a nominating convention, because their certainty of their places would make them indifferent to such behests. They would be on the same footing as Mayor KING's police, with the difference that they would be sure that no election would make a change.

These results, we believe, are contemplated by the bill reported to the Legislature from the Commission on Municipal Government. Whether that bill will serve as it stands, or needs modification and abbreviation, is, we understand, a matter under consideration with the Committee. We beg of them to give their best energies to this part of their work, and make their victory a lasting one, by the securing of a good system as well as good men.

WEEKLY NOTES.

THE arrangements for the bi-centennial celebration of LA SALLE's discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, heretofore referred to in THE AMERICAN, are in a forward state, (the date is April 9th,) and Hon. E. B. WASHBURN and ex-Senator GEORGE H. PENDLETON are announced as the orators of the occasion. The committee in charge of the arrangements seem to have views concerning the fitness of oratory in connection with such a celebration quite different from those entertained by the Bi-Centennial Association of Philadelphia.

IN the allusion to United States Senator WILLIAM MACLAY of Pennsylvania as being succeeded by ALBERT GALLATIN, some additional facts are proper to be noted. The first Congress held three sessions. In the classification of members of the Senate, as required by the Constitution, Mr. MACLAY fell by lot within the first or two-year class, (his colleague, ROBERT MORRIS, going into the third, or six-year,) which made his term expire March 4th, 1791. He, therefore, retired at that time, and was not re-elected. On the 28th of February, 1792, the second session of the second Congress having begun, ALBERT GALLATIN was chosen by the Legislature of Pennsylvania to succeed him, and when Congress met in December, 1793, he was sworn in and took his seat, but subsequently was declared ineligible to sit, for the reason that he had not, up to that time, been nine years a citizen of the United States, as required by the Constitution. JAMES ROSS was then elected to fill the vacancy, his certificate reaching the Senate on April 2d, 1794. He qualified and took his seat on the 24th of that month. It thus happened that Pennsylvania had but one legal vote—and for the most of the time but one Senator present,—in the United States Senate for a period of more than three years,—March 4th, 1791, to April 24th, 1794.

FRANCE may not be increasing rapidly, but Paris is. The French are migrating to Paris. According to the census of 1881, the population of the capital city is 2,225,902, while in 1876 it was only 1,988,806. The suburbs (*banlieue*), of Paris have also gained considerably, as follows:

	1876.	1881.	Gain.
St. Denis,	237,852	303,814	65,962
Sceaux,	184,191	218,086	33,895

The increase in the entire Department of the Seine during the five

years that elapsed between the last two censuses was 351,961, or one hundred and forty-two in the thousand, while France in the same time has increased only three and seven-tenths in the thousand. As is the case in London and other large cities, the increase is entirely circumferential, the central portions, on account of the opening of new streets, forming of open spaces, and spread of the purely business centres at the expense of the residential portion, barely holding their own. Thus, while the eleven excentric *arrondissements* of Paris increased since 1861 from 835,297 to 1,369,556, the nine central ones, which had 832,554 in 1861, had only 856,346 in 1881. Philadelphians scarcely realize the fact, that, leaving out of consideration the Chinese cities of Peking, Canton and Tien-tsin, they inhabit the fifth largest city of the world. Populations of Chinese cities are uncertain items; yet if, as is probable, the three cities above mentioned exceed ours, Philadelphia is still the eighth city of the world, slightly surpassing Tokio, more than a hundred thousand ahead of Bombay or Vienna, and towering head and shoulders over such pygmies as Calcutta, St. Petersburg, Fou-tcheou, Moscow and Constantinople.

THE eulogy upon GARFIELD, pronounced at Worcester, Massachusetts, on December 30th, by Senator GEORGE F. HOAR, has been issued as a neat volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its style is more oratorical than that of Mr. BLAINE's recent address, and its plan is in general more concise. What strikes the reader particularly is the speaker's earnestness and enthusiasm; he rises, in frequent passages, to a strain of patriotic eloquence that is not very common in these days of cool and passionless speaking. More than this, however, it is both interesting and gratifying to note his robust plea in behalf of American Democracy. A Massachusetts man, in the midst of the "culture" which has attended the course of politics in that State, does credit to himself by distinguishing between what is valuable and what is worthless in the tendency and movement of the times. Speaking of General GARFIELD, Mr. HOAR says:

"From such homes came WEBSTER, and CLAY, and LINCOLN, and JACKSON. It is no race of bores that has struck its axes into the forests of this continent. The trained and disciplined soldiers of England could not anticipate these alert farmers. On the morning of the Revolution, they were up before the sun. When Washington was to be defended, in 1861, the scholar, or the lawyer, or the man of the city, dropped his book, left his court-house or his counting-room, and found his company of yeomen waiting him. They are ever greatest in adversity. I would not undervalue the material of which other republics have been built. The polished marbles of Greece and Italy have their own grace. But art or nature contains no more exquisite beauty than the color which this split and unhewn granite takes from the tempest it withstands. There was never a race of men on earth more capable of seeing clearly, of grasping, and of holding fast, the great truths and great principles which are permanent, sure, and safe for the conduct of life, alike in private and public concerns. If there be, or ever shall be, in this country, a *demos*, fickle, light-minded, easily moved, blind, prejudiced, incapable of permanent adherence to what is great or what is true, whether it come from the effeminacy of wealth, or the skepticism of a sickly and selfish culture, or the poverty and ignorance of great cities, it will find itself powerless in this iron grasp."

Something in the same strain is the peroration of the address, which we have not space enough to quote. Concerning President HOPKINS of Williams College, Mr. HOAR, after other remarks upon his strength as a teacher of young men, adds:

"And, beyond all, Dr. HOPKINS taught his pupils that lesson in which some of our colleges so sadly fail,—reverence for the republican life of which they were to form a part, and for the great history of whose glory they were inheritors."

WE applaud very heartily the decision of the United States Court which declares antiquities shall come in free of duty. Genuine antiquities are not an article of American production, nor do we wish to stimulate their manufacture by a protective duty. To impose a duty on them would be, from a Protectionist point of view, grossly absurd. It would take rank with the duty on teas, which the Free Traders are so anxious to see back in the tariff. We were inclined to take the same view of works of art in general, and to favor their transfer to the free list. But the lugubrious picture of the depression of American art, under the competition of imported pictures, which we find in *The Times* (New York,) of Sunday last, inclines us to the belief that the duties should be raised, rather than removed. "With a single exception, the New York picture-dealers are chiefly stocked with the works of foreign artists. . . . Foreign pictures sell best in the American market. . . . The American painter's outlook is hopeless. The market is flooded with imported work, while the home artist ruefully contemplates a gradual accumulation in his own studio, unbought and almost unseen. The art-dealer may force his pictures upon the market, precisely as the dealer in woollen goods may force his goods" at the approach of spring. "This may be true of all countries; but its effects are more noticeable and disastrous in our own, where we have a young art to be nurtured, where there is great wealth to be employed in picture-buying, and where we have the art of centuries for a competitor brought home to our own doors." No; we will not begin an agitation for Free Trade in pictures just yet. *The Times* has converted us. Meanwhile, we second its suggestion that the artists lay aside their professional etiquette so far as to get their pictures better before the public. And we add the suggestion that American Protectionists who are beautifying their homes should take a run around our own studios before calling on the dealers.

PUBLIC OPINION.

MR. CONKLING'S NOMINATION TO THE SUPREME BENCH.

TAKING the newspaper press as a body, there can be no doubt that the greater part of its weight is against the appointment of Mr. Conkling to the Supreme Bench, though there is a considerable variety of opinion. The Democratic journals, with few exceptions, speak severely of it,—as, of course, they would be likely to do, since they have little admiration for Mr. Conkling himself or sympathy with the political ideas which he represents. It marks, in fact, very pointedly the difference between a nomination that is thoroughly fit and one which is not, that in the case of Judge Gray's nomination the applause was general and hearty. The Democratic newspapers then felt and expressed no dissent,—as they had no reason for any, Judge Gray being evidently an unobjectionable man. To Mr. Conkling, however, they are naturally hostile, and their expression is mostly against him.

The most severe criticism of the nomination was that of the *New York Tribune* on Saturday. Its article was so caustic, beginning with the declaration that "Guiteau has made a Supreme Judge as well as a President," and stating upon three grounds why the nomination was "grossly unfit," that it drew out some exclamations, even from other opponents of Mr. Conkling. The *New York Times*, however, was substantially as strong in opposition. It declared that the nomination must be pronounced one "unfit to be made," and, among the reasons for this opinion, said:

"We may admit that he is a man of personal integrity, free from scandalous association with public jobbery and official dereliction. This is in his favor; but it does not alone fit him for the functions of a Judge. There are people besides the President who have great faith in his intellectual capacity; but few will claim that it is by nature or training specially adapted to the labors of the bench. The depth of his legal learning is open to question. His most ardent admirers cannot point to the achievements in public life that entitle him to rank as a statesman. They will find it equally difficult to designate the forensic exploits which show him to be a great lawyer. He has figured in some important cases and received large fees from corporations and others; but his services appear to have been sought on account of his general reputation rather than his exceptional skill or success at the bar. He has written nothing of note on legal problems; he has never made any great argument in court or conducted any important case in a manner that indicated a deep or wide knowledge of law in any of its varied departments. . . . As to the judicial temperament, hardly any man whose character has been so fully exhibited before the public has given less evidence of it. The most friendly summing up of his qualities which should have a decent regard for truth, would have to admit, that, whatever else he may be, he is not by nature, by study, or by experience, a man fit for the exercise of judicial functions in the court of highest jurisdiction and ultimate resort in this nation."

The article by Mr. F. W. Whittredge, in the *International Review* for October last, (the substance of which is in part indexed by the paragraph just given from the *Times*), has been largely drawn upon, and the estimate it presented appears in many of the newspaper expressions. The *Cleveland Herald* is another of the severe critics; it declares that "Conklingism is triumphant. Garfield Republicanism is humiliated. . . . There is no possible excuse for this proceeding." It adds:

"President Arthur may have gratified private friendship and satisfied personal obligation by the nomination; but has he the right to do so at such destructive cost to the party, whose claims on him are far greater than those of any individual, or clique, or faction? We know we speak for the Republicans of Ohio—we believe we do for the whole Republican party,—when we say emphatically, 'No!'"

The *Chicago Times* (Ind.) thinks "no man has been nominated to the Supreme Court, for many years, whose character and public life have given less reason for anticipating that he will prove a wise and an impartial Judge." The *Chicago Tribune* (Rep.), thought that the people would probably not be either very angry or much pleased. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* (Stalwart,) approved the nomination in moderate terms. The *Chicago Journal* (Rep.) thought Mr. Conkling was confessedly not a fit and well qualified man for the position.

The *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.) discusses the nomination without special expression of disfavor, as does, also, the *Inquirer* (Rep.); the *Times* (Ind.) after saying, in its announcement, that "there is every reason for the country to be gratified at the selection," has not strongly declared itself; the *Record* (Ind.) regarded the nomination as "a fitting one;" the *North American* (Rep.), after saying that it had never been an admirer of Mr. Conkling, and that it did not even regard him as "a great man," protested against the severely adverse opinions of the New York journals; the *Telegraph* (Ind.) strongly opposed, and, in an article since the nomination, says:

"Of all the marvellous changes which fickle time has ever wrought, none more remarkable is within the knowledge of man than that which, in a few brief months, lifts Roscoe Conkling from the hated yet just obscurity into which his countrymen had with universal voice condemned him, to the dazzling pinnacle of honor and dignity,—the Supreme Bench."

In Boston, the *Journal* (Rep.) presented a moderate view, without notable expression either way; the *Advertiser* (Rep.) intimated that Mr. Conkling, as Judge, would only wait his "chance to become something else," which it regarded as "a decided objection;" the *Herald* (Ind.) thinks he has points in his favor, as well as objections, and adds:

"And yet it remains true that the most general reason for acquiescing in the nomination is the hope that it will remove from active politics one of the most disturbing and demoralizing forces which our country has known since the days of Van Buren."

The *Boston Globe* (Dem.) thinks that Mr. Conkling "will bring to the Supreme Bench a reputation for honesty, ability and legal knowledge

equal to any of his associates;" the *Post* (Dem.), on the other hand, thinks the nomination "grotesque in its inappropriateness." The Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* (Rep.), is inclined to acquiesce in the appointment, because it will get rid of Mr. Conkling in politics. The New York *Mail and Express* (Rep.) says:

"The objections to the appointment of Mr. Conkling are probably more various than have been made against any other appointee to the bench of the Supreme Court. His conduct during his prolonged and bitter struggle for a primacy as to New York appointments, which left President Garfield no alternative but a fight or a shameful surrender and abdication of his Constitutional prerogatives, and which developed a party feud whose final outcome was assassination, stirred up against Mr. Conkling popular animosities and hatreds, the depth of whose bitterness has not been publicly expressed, but of whose existence no one can doubt who has moved much among the people."

The Memphis *Avalanche* (Dem.) also objects. It says:

"The Supreme Court is not the place to bury the 'dead ducks' of politics. The nomination of Roscoe Conkling, therefore, is not one that should have been made, but it is in the line of 'boss' performances. There is nothing whatever in his career, his character, or his attainments, to justify the appointment. He is neither a great lawyer nor a great statesman, and the Bench is already supplied with a sufficiency of inferior men."

A PREFACE.

[From the French of Theodore de Banville.]

I.

MAN, you my pages need not read,
Because therein you'll find no lie.
Though 'gainst me should the anger breed
Of hucksters of approval, I,
Before Eve's snowy drapery,
Have epigrams despised, as well
As all perverse philosophy;—
For dames alone my tale I tell.

II.

Since Love hath bidden me outrede
His madness and his ecstasy,
And his retaliation's meed,
Herein look you not to espy
Any of those Prince Charmings spy,
Who, with their tiny rapiers, quell
Huge giants and magicians sly;—
For dames alone my tale I tell.

III.

A poet hoard his gems with greed?
I give my jewels lavishly.
The Omphales of lordly deed,
The Beatrices of the sky,
The Agneses, demur and shy,
With warp of my recital mell
The woof of their divinity;—
For dames alone my tale I tell.

ENVOI.

Prince, all our torments I defy;
To folk who on such themes would dwell,
Leaving the tear-drop and the sigh;—
For dames alone my tale I tell.

G. T. LANGAN.

WOMEN'S OPINION OF THEIR SEX.

"WHO is it," asks Shakespeare, "can read a woman?" And, as if still realizing that she is to be read, he declares in "Love's Labor Lost" that her eyes are

"The books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain and nourish all the world."

It may fairly be presumed that each sex understands itself better than the other does, and that the estimate placed upon the peculiarities of each by its own highest and ablest representatives may therefore be accepted as essentially correct. The extravagances which each has placed on record about the other are self-condemning. A brilliant man has been jil ed; he pours forth a frightful revenge on the sex of his fair but false one. "Every woman is at heart a rake," cried surly and misshapen Pope, who knew only one form of affection,—the filial. The great but arrogant philosopher, whose dogmas Plato has preserved for us, endeavored in vain to vanquish a woman in debate; he found in Xantippe the only person who seems to have had sense enough to give rational answers to his absurd questions and to presume to meet his assertions with reasonable contradictions. She put herself on equal terms with him, which no one mentioned in the "Dialogues" did. The result was that she completely routed her intolerant spouse, and extorted from his surprise and chagrin that, "if a woman is made the equal of man, she becomes his superior." Perhaps it was the man who never correctly understood any woman, and could find happiness not even with the one of his own household,—Bulwer Lytton,—who has said the most unfair things of her sex. Was not Sir Thomas Wyatt

more frank and more manly when he entitled his splendid sonnet "The Deserted Lover Consoleth Himself with the Remembrance That All Women Are Fickle"? It was only of the moon that Sir Philip Sydney spoke, when he asked the graceful vagabond of night:

"Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?"

Any man, poetic or prosaic, who takes his ideal woman or women out of literature, is convicted of never having discovered an ideal in life for his own personal adoration; and such a man was Wordsworth. The women he liked—for he loved only daffodils and mountains,—were

"The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb."

If he ever loved, or even fancied he loved,—for such confusion is common,—he has left no impassioned testimony to his happiness or his anguish. Possibly, his inamorata

"lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be."

It is true he adds:

"But she is in her grave; and oh!
The difference to me!"

but a man with his unfailing loquacity, which chose its topics from among the smallest as well as the greatest incidents in his daily life and observation, would assuredly have explained that difference in noble, if unequal, lines, were it such as to touch his easily influenced heart. No; Wordsworth loved too much in the large to love in the little; his romantic sentiment was too general to permit him to be romantic in the particular and special; while his sublime egotism protected him, like a heroic shield, from any arrow aimed from a lovely hand and tipped with poison. He was never in love, except with a noble mistress who never jilted him who loved her,—Nature.

What women have said of their sex would fill many volumes; its contemplation has been their favorite pursuit,—next to that of its rival sex, of course. What will appear most strange on reflection is that they have not oftenest been its defenders. The sharpest wit, the most piercing satire, the baldest incredulity about its goodness, the most audacious charges of coquetry, insincerity, flippancy, volatility, vacillation, shallowness, vanity, that we can find uttered against women, have been uttered by women.

A very curious volume, almost unknown in this country, was printed some years ago in Brussels; it is entitled, "Les Femmes, Peintées par Elles-Mêmes." No editor's name is vouchsafed. Was it a spiteful man, taunting his tormentors? Was it an angry woman, whose wrath, awakened by some dreadful wrong at a woman's hands, burned long enough to feed the fierce lamp of such prodigious industry? We cannot answer; but it was not love that traced these pages; that, at least, is clear. The quotations are not exclusively from French women, who, however, have furnished the most of those that will not suffer the embarrassment of English dress. And there are some English women whose names do not appear,—Mrs. Browning and George Eliot, for instance,—from whom we can profitably learn something about their sex, in addition to what such lights of the French zenith as George Sand and Sophie Arnould may be pleased to shimmer upon us.

At the outset, Madame de Gasparin offers "A Moral Definition of Woman." It is scarcely explicit enough to stand the test of Stanley Jevons's "Principles of Science." We are told, she says, that "we are inferior to man, and then that we are superior to man; but when we examine our own nature we find we are nothing of the sort. *Ni supériorité, ni infériorité; mais différence.*" And then, woman-like, she proceeds to describe in what woman is inferior, in what she is superior, to man; and her superiority—for we will not consent that she is inferior in aught worth mention.—is, oddly enough, in her "sweet and firm courage," "in her quick comprehension," in the "logic of good sense;" and she completes her comparison by affirming what no gallant shall deny,—that women and men have "need of each other." Yet it is surely wise and calm George Eliot who says somewhere "that in all the ages since Adam's marriage it has been good for some men to be alone, and also for some women." Georges Sand, whom possibly most critics would pronounce an exception to the uniformity of feminine attributes, is found declaring: "That the heart and the soul have a sex; I do not doubt. The contrary to this will always be found an exception; a woman will always be more artistic and poetic in her life, man in his work." But she hastens to protest: "Does this difference, essential for the harmony of things and for the loftiest charms of love, amount to a moral inferiority?" In "Middlemarch," George Eliot very subtly endeavors to establish the intellectual superiority of men,—a mere dry and functionless superiority,—and the moral superiority of woman,—an unctuous, fertile, but quite inefficient, superiority. It is unnecessary to mention *Casaubon* and *Dorothea*. George Eliot is generally content to take individual types, and let them tell their own story. She has, by the way, no ideally perfect types, unless we allow a rudimentary one, apparently incapable of self-completion or perpetuation,—*Daniel Deronda*. Of *Casaubon*, we have this exquisitely acute satire: "Here was a man whose learning almost amounted to a proof of whatever he believed;" and of *Dorothea's* intellectual obtuseness and moral self-sufficiency she says: "Dorothea by this time looked deep into the ungauged

reservoir of Mr Causaubon's mind, seeing reflected there in vague labyrinthine extension every quality she herself brought." And, where the relative superiority and inferiority are of this nature, the two Georges—the only great Georges who have reigned,—are quite at one: marriage is a sorry blunder.

It is not surprising to hear Madame de Staël complain that the nature of society imposes on women "*une grande habitude de souffrir*;" nor is it perplexing, in the light of what follows, that Madame de Girardin should vow that "the true woman no longer exists;" for immediately after these averments we are told by Ninon de l'Enclos that women are always seeking among their admirers for those they can make their victims; by Marie Antoinette, that every woman who touches anything outside her personal knowledge is a conspirator; by Madame de Maintenon, that in everything women write there are thousands of grammatical faults; by Madame de Lambert, that women love by whim and change with the atmosphere; by Madame Fée, that a woman may sacrifice her love, but rarely has the strength to renounce it; by Madame de Rieux, that delicacy in love would exterminate the race; by Madame d'Anconville, that woman will sacrifice her honor to her vanity; by Mlle. de Sommetry, that the desire to be loved proves only an excess of self-love; by Madame Latour, that the art of love-making is with women the art of self-defence; by another, that the first merit of a woman in men's eyes is beauty; and at once Madame de Puisieux cries out: "Beauty is dangerous; more a curse than a blessing;" and even Mlle. de Scudéry, who ought to have known better, petulantly puts in: "In a woman, beauty covers a multitude of sins!" Of course, speaking for us men, these acute ladies are not always wrong. One laments that it is rare, indeed, that we find a wife who has not driven her husband "to desolation," whatever that may mean, "by her caprice;" and another, that when natural beauty is gone it is vain to try to restore it; and another lays down the law that when a woman advertises her beauty she proclaims that there is no grandeur in her character. It is unquestionable that "benevolence and generosity embellish womanhood;" there will be found famous women to agree that, "if celebrity be an inconvenience for a man, it is a real calamity for a woman;" and many of the noblest of the sex will concur with her who weeps "that the heart of a woman is an abyss whose depths no one can fathom." But it surely is not true that a woman "who has never been beautiful has never been young," as Madame Swetchine says; or that "a woman without beauty has known little of life," according to Madame Montran; or that society, "perhaps even Providence, allows a woman only one blessing,—a happy marriage,"—and it is Madame de Staël who writes that: but she found "twenty years of married life a severe lesson." What sort of woman, old or young, married or maiden, beautiful or ugly, is it who dares declare that "in religion woman gives to God what the devil does not want?" There are fine strokes of wit in these singular pages. Georges Sand says that a blamable woman may presume to love virtue, but it is not permitted her to preach it. "There is a grand difference between a weak woman and an effeminate one; the first has all the graces of her sex, the second all its infirmities;" that is Lady Blessington's. It is she who also says that a woman's heart is always above her head. "Many women, seeking the way to Heaven, take the road to hell," is bitter enough; but who shall gainsay it absolutely? "Unhappy the woman whom distractions render happy!" "The egotism of a woman is always an egotism of two;" is it not? "It requires more courage to make love than to command an army." "Every Frenchman detests the woman he adores." "In France, between man and woman, love is only hatred in disguise;" and only a Frenchwoman thus could canonize our foolish mother Eve: "She preferred sorrow to ignorance,—death to slavery. She seized with firm hand the forbidden fruit, and then inveigled man into her sublime rebellion." "Flattery is like counterfeit coin; it convicts those who receive it." "Women, and, above all, religious women, are more difficult to govern than men," Madame de Pompadour found out. But, alas! and alas! surely, it is only in France that "humility is the virtue of idiots;" that "humility is nearly always the masque of hypocrisy;" only in France do "very few wives love their husbands;" but is it only in France that "marriage is a lottery, in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness"? And it is not in France only that "a foolish mother rarely has a wise daughter."

Crossing the Straits of Dover seems to make a complete change of sentiment in women concerning themselves,—even concerning that first one, of whom Jean Ingelow says in "Honors":

"Oh, for the straight simplicity of Eve!"

when, if anything remain undisputed, it is that Eve had no simplicity; she was rash, reckless, but insinuating and diplomatic. The English woman-poets have been genial and gracious, generally, in writing of their sex; their own hearts are so full of sweetness that they have no time or disposition for the expression of the drastic or the sinister. They are a melancholy lot, too, fond of grief and death as topics; and they like to fancy themselves contemplating this life and sharing its human interests after they have passed away. This is as true of Christina Rossetti as of Mrs. Browning, different as is the individuality of

the muse of each. Mrs. Browning, indeed, has sketched more than one unlovely type of woman, and she takes an evident satisfaction in her masterly portrait of *Lady Waldemar*, in "Aurora Leigh;" for, when the intrigue and false heartedness of the titled adventuress are fully exposed, the poet cries out:

"Lady Waldemar, I'm glad I never loved you."

Throughout the poem, Mrs. Browning expresses what were purely personal opinions, as *Lady Waldemar* is undoubtedly a personal portrait. Her father's sister, with

"gray steel, naked-bladed eyes,"

is one of a well-defined type; so is *Marian Erle*, only much more romantic; so are the gaudy butterflies who assemble to display their wings at *Romney's* wedding, which does not come off. But *Lady Waldemar*, the shining villain of the drama, is its only masterpiece. She

"Plucks the delicatest needle out

As 'twere a rose, and pricks you carefully,

'Neath nails, 'neath eyelids, in your nostrils, say;"

and the gentle *Aurora* confesses that, every time the beauty came near her,

"my veins ran cold,

As somebody were walking on my grave."

But it is George Eliot who has shown the clearest, straightest insight into the characters of women, and few types of femininity are missing from her marvellous pages. She possessed in the highest degree that power of scientific selection which enables an author to discern those individuals in whom the typical is apparent with strong individuality; and she has herself declared that some of her most complete ideals were chosen from among her casual acquaintances. She might have been justified, perhaps, in giving us more women of the jealous and hypocritical class who drew away their skirts from contact with her genius, albeit she never sought their company, which would have been poor enough for her; but she shows no sign of social discontent; no sigh escapes her; she thought, as *Adam Bede* says: "It's poor foolishness runnin' down your enemies." Her pen has given us the most perfect portraits of weak women, especially of those who are made weak by environment; where shall we seek such art as is shown in the evolution of "Gwendolen"? In all her work there seems present the feeling which she avows in the novel just named: "We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves."

LIVING AMERICAN AUTHORS.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IN the commercial world, the arrival and departure of ships is a matter of so regular and so common occurrence that the great majority of people take no note of the event, other than to glance over the list of freight carried. But there is always a certain number of persons, among them the owners of that freight, who have a lively personal interest in the event. So, in the world of letters, the magazines, the steamships among literary craft, carrying with weekly and monthly regularity their freight of thought, have, each one of them, however little the public is interested in their contents, their little group of anxious watchers,—those personally concerned in the adventure. What, then, I try to think, must have been the feelings, the mingled hopes and fears, of a certain young girl, Rebecca Harding by name, when she learned that the *Atlantic*—a Cunarder among magazines,—for April, 1861, would contain that most precious of all freights; her first venture in letters?

The story had been accepted by the publishers, and had elicited an encouraging letter from kind Mr. Ticknor. Therein lay her hopes. But the critics and the public; would it satisfy them,—would they understand it? Thence arose her fears. In due course of time, the magazine appeared, with "Life in the Iron Mills" filling some twenty pages of the number; and the girl's anxious suspense was ended. Although published anonymously, the story immediately won for its author recognition as a writer of remarkable ability, possessing a fine faculty of analysis, graphic descriptive power, and a keen sense of observation. The style in which the story was written baffled conjecture whether a man or a woman wrote it. Probably, most readers thought the writer was a man. Certainly, no one, not otherwise informed, would have guessed that the author was a girl not twenty years old. Yet that was the fact. Living in the midst of the toil and turmoil of the manufacturing town of Wheeling, shut in among the mountains of Western Virginia, Rebecca Harding had seen, from her earliest childhood, on every hand, at all seasons, day and night, the interminable struggle for existence of the laboring poor. Day and night, the dull roar of factory machinery was borne to her ear with the ceaseless monotony of the undertone of the surf on the beach. She, a warm-hearted, impressionable child, sheltered in a comfortable home from rough contact with the world, must early have been strongly impressed by the contrast between her own bright life and these sombre surroundings. For, when her first story was written, her mind had acquired that tinge of sadness which, like the thin cloud that softens without glooming a landscape, pervades all her books. A mind not less strong might have yielded entirely to these influences, and become morose. But hers was not of that yielding temper. It was active, as well as strong.

Physically, too, this young girl was robust, and sentient of the vigorous life bounding in her veins. So she went about on her errands of mercy among the mill-hands, alert, helpful, questioning. Doing this, her compassionate heart must have been moved to look deeper into the lives of these struggling masses of humanity, to see what effort could be made to make them more deserving of the name.

I think that it must have been during a season when, searching wearily in the sodden lethargy of these people for a spring of action, her brave spirit was well-nigh despairing at the hopelessness of the effort, that she wrote the story of "Life in the Iron Mills," which appeals to the heart of the reader like a veritable cry for help. Not a cry for physical release, or relief from bodily pain, but the cry of a mind in bondage,—the passionate appeal of a soul struggling upwards towards air and freedom. In the opening paragraphs of the story, the spell of the author's mood envelops the reader like the atmosphere of the depths into which she leads him. The central figure is a young Welsh laborer, ignorant—to use the common figure,—to blindness, yet groping fiercely towards the light. A poor human, making misguided, unavailing struggles, obeying the impulse of his better nature to lift himself out of the clinging filth of his surroundings into he knows not what better life. Among his mates in "the works," he has no sympathy. To them, the dance and drunken orgies after the day's toil are the *summum bonum* of their lives. They mistrust and look askance at the man who lives apart and strives to give expression to his aspirations in the rude figures he carves from the kirk of the furnaces. Yet there is one person, a wan, misshapen woman, who loves him with passionate devotion. She it is who, with pitiable eagerness to help him, commits the theft and thrusts into his hands the money that compass his ruin. Suspected of the crime, he is arrested, the money is found in his possession, and he is sent to prison. Here the long, bitter struggle is ended. Death opens the portals, and the soul is free at last. The tired body is laid peacefully to rest on a quiet country hill-side, where the sun shines and the flowers and grass grow above it. The woman, whose only wish had been to help him, finds a home near by with a Quaker lady, whose homely charity had performed this kindly office for the dead. This is the reposeful ending of the story,—the one light gleam of sunshine athwart a sombre picture, like the line of color on the horizon that tells of sunset at the close of a gloomy day. The fervency with which all this is told appeals to the reader's sympathy with singular force and earnestness. Without any dramatic gloss, the plain, unvarnished tale reads like a real experience. Its higher meaning, to show the struggle of the mind to free itself from the bonds of ignorance and bigotry, comes only as an after-thought, when the thrill which the narrative caused has subsided.

Had Zola been before the public at that time, the owl-critics would have pointed out the proofs of Miss Harding's imitation of the methods of that unflinching delineator of misery; for to the reader of to-day—and this is good evidence of her inborn talent as a writer,—there is a suggestion of the trained skill of the French author in the unconscious art of her method of telling the story. The minute realism of the descriptions, omitting no detail necessary to the truthful portrayal of the scene to be presented, reminds us sensibly of Zola. But further than this there is no likeness between the two writers. The misery Miss Harding asks us to observe is as abject, as dreary, as besotted, as any Zola ever knew; but, while the latter drags from the depths and thrusts before us types of animalism that make us shudder, the other makes us weep in contemplation of existences dully conscious of their starving souls.

As was to be expected after so successful a beginning, she soon began to make further trial of her powers, this time by writing "Margret Howth," which appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* during 1862. This story, although also published anonymously, confirmed the previous favorable judgment of the public of the writer's ability, and influenced Miss Harding to adopt the career of an author as an occupation. All her subsequent stories were published with her name. "Margret Howth" was written during the latter part of 1861. Those were stirring days, you will remember. The white heat of the conflict was reflected backward through the length and the breadth of the land, and a dangerous light gleamed in men's eyes. Miss Harding wrote from the border of the battle-field: "No child laughs in my face as I pass down the street. Men have forgotten to hope, forgotten to pray; only in the bitterness of endurance they say 'in the morning, Would God it were even! and in the evening, Would God it were morning!'" She called the story "A Story of To-Day: "Not of the to-day whose significance in the history of humanity only those shall read who will live when you and I are dead. . . . I want you to go down into this common, every-day drudgery, and consider if there might not be in it also a great warfare. Not a selfish war, not altogether ignoble, though even its only end may appear to be your daily food. A great warfare, I think, with a history as old as the world, and not without its pathos. It has its slain. Men and women, lean-jawed, crippled in the slow, silent battle, are in your alleys, sit beside you at your table; its martyrs sleep under every green hill-side. You must fight in it; money will buy you no discharge from that war. There is room in it, believe me, whether your post be on a judge's bench or over a wash-tub, for heroism, for knightly honor, for purer triumph than his who falls foremost in the breach. Your enemy,

Self, goes with you from the cradle to the coffin; it is a hand-to-hand struggle all the sad, slow way, fought in solitude,—a battle that began with the first heart-beat, and whose victory will come only when the drops ooze out and suddenly halt in the veins,—a victory, if you can gain it, that will drift you not a little way upon the coasts of the wider, stronger range of being, beyond death."

Here, again, the interest centres about a group of working people,—workers, not of the debased sort, but men and women whose occupations, either from necessity or choice, are of a joyless kind. The heroine is a delicately nurtured young girl, obliged to support a helpless father and mother by acting as accountant in a factory. The hero is a youth of humble origin, who, by sheer force of will, is raising himself to wealth, and power, and a mastery of men. Love he finds an obstacle in his path, and crushes it out of his life. Another prominent figure in this story is a man—a communist of the Fourierite school,—risen from the dregs, his veins thick with the blood of his despised race, whose whole soul is possessed by a scheme to help those who are suffering as he once suffered; a man in whose view of the desperate present needs of those about him the blessed promise for the future has no place. In strong contrast with this intolerant, turbulent nature, always warring with itself or the world, is the little, crippled huckster-girl, who goes about in a dilapidated donkey cart, trucking vegetables from door to door. She is an example of patient, hopeful trustfulness in the promise the strong man puts impatiently aside, and hers is the reward of a cheerful, loving heart under sore trial and affliction.

Miss Harding now began to write regularly for the magazines, and her name will be found in the published lists of contributors to most of the leading periodicals of the day. In 1863, she married L. Clarke Davis, the well-known journalist and occasional writer of fiction, and removed to Philadelphia, which city is still their home. Besides the numerous short stories which Mrs. Davis has written, and which, if collected, would fill several bulky volumes, the following books by her were published at the times noted, most of them having previously appeared as serials in magazines. "Waiting for the Verdict," 1866: this is a story of war-times, the scenes continually shifting from the North to the South, and again to the battle-field. It has, as its name implies, the slave problem for its motive. "Dallas Galbraith," 1867: the history of a man, who, having voluntarily destroyed the proofs of his innocence of a crime to shield a friend, serves a term of imprisonment, and then is thrown upon the world with this disgrace hanging over him, like the sword of Damocles, threatening the ruin of his endeavors to have the past forgotten or unknown. "John Andros," 1873: not altogether an imaginative sketch, we fancy; is a startling showing of the corrupting power and ramifying influences for evil which large corporations may have and exercise. "A Law Unto Herself," 1878, although not capable of exciting the strong emotions that some of her former books do, has more sunlight checkering the shadows, and compels a lively interest in the individual characters. The society is more cheerful in its tone, and there is something humorous in contemplating the machinations of the bad people in the story,—they are such perfect villains. Probably the most entertaining, in the pleasing sense of the word, of all Mrs. Davis's continued stories, is "Earthen Pitchers," published in *Scribner* in 1873, where, unfortunately, it must still be sought for, as it has never been published in book-form. Incidentally, this story gives a charming glimpse of life in the "fourth estate," although we find misunderstandings and jealousies clouding even that *insouciant* atmosphere.

And now, having completed the list of books which have brought Mrs. Davis fame as a writer of fiction, there remains for me to mention another work, the most important of all, in which she has been engaged for the past twelve years; yet in which, however much she may assist in shaping public opinion, in ameliorating wrong, in speaking words of encouragement to the faint-hearted, her identity is lost. This work is hers as one of the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*, a position which she accepted in 1869 and which she holds at this time. In the impersonality of the editorial page, her friends may think they sometimes recognize her hand; yet it is but guess-work, after all. Only the certainty remains, that, however fiercely the war of factions may be raging, her work, as in the "Story of To-Day," will be to remind us "of the great to-morrow of content and right that holds the world."

I have intimated that the books by Mrs. Davis have a note of sadness pervading them. It is the sadness which the poet describes as resembling sorrow as the mist resembles the rain. There is no trace of moroseness in it, nor of morbid discontent with the world. I think this note is the key to a compassionate nature, which is always in sympathetic accord with oppression, suffering, or wrong of any kind. The plots of her stories are generally based on some wrong done an innocent person. The hero or heroine suffers under it, and even the minor characters that interest us most appeal to our sympathy through poverty, or ill-usage, or affliction of some sort. This, I believe, is because sympathy is the most active principle influencing Mrs. Davis when writing, and that, when her mind yields to this influence, her heart follows, the thoughts flow freest, every faculty is warmed to sensibility, and for the moment the magic of her mood makes real to herself (and to the reader in turn,) the fiction of the brain. For, indeed, there can be no difference of

opinion that Mrs. Davis writes her best when she is an advocate for the oppressed or a defender of the wronged.

Another characteristic of her writings are the descriptions of scenery, charming sketches, as picturesque as truthful, that add greatly to the realism of the narrative. Sometimes, as, for example, in "Dallas Galbraith," there are views of the low-lying New Jersey coast, or, as in "John Andros," of the mountainous region around Lock Haven, that can be identified, even though the names of the localities are not given, by those familiar with the neighborhoods described. Also, we find the same truthfulness in the description of the immediate local environment of her characters,—their homes, the details of their daily life, with its customs, have been noted just as they really are. And it is this ability to thus give the semblance of truth to her stories that is one of the reasons of Mrs. Davis's success as a writer of fiction. But, apart from this merit, as truthful pictures of scenery and careful studies of manners and customs, these same stories have a value that should insure them a permanent place in our literature.

When we come to pass in review the individual characters delineated by Mrs. Davis, a noticeable feature of the array is the widely different classes of society from which they are gathered and the variety of types they represent. For our present purpose, however, it is sufficient to note but two or three of these types, which, under one name or another, we find in many of her stories. Foremost among these are women of noble mould, strong-limbed, slow of speech; of deep, irresponsible nature, yet large-hearted and liberal; gravely good-humored, practical, honest, straightforward and downright. Then we have the type of religionists, men and women, who may be called creed-worshippers; believers in foreordained damnation; precise, rigid, unlovely. Two other types of men we find contrasted, both acted upon by adverse circumstances. One is a sensitive, sensuous nature, yielding to surrounding influences, easy-going, kindly natured, weak, which must be helped tenderly upwards. The other is strong, self-reliant, unyielding of purpose, pushing on to the goal without wavering. From these types we gain some further insight into the inclination of Mrs. Davis's mind when writing, and may perceive the tendency of her work.

Shams of all kinds, whether in the guise of philanthropist, reformer, or what not, she deals with unsparingly, and something of this dislike for whatever is false or assumed makes her speak with a certain impatience of those outward observances in religious and social life which we may call conventions. This same feeling, also, seems to influence her to bear her characters off from the stucco and heat of the city, whenever she can, into country lanes and by-ways. Every book Mrs. Davis has written is pervaded with a longing or a love for the woods, the shore, the mountains, the fresh, free air, the sunshine. In searching for other indications of Mrs. Davis in her writings, we too rarely find traces of the rich fund of humor which makes her society so entertaining; but, everywhere throughout her writings, those who are privileged to know her see how, all unconsciously, she has wrought into them those noble qualities of mind and heart that make her private life so beautiful.

DALTON DORR.

LITERATURE.

LITERARY BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

IT has been a favorite thesis of ours, and we believe that its soundness is being proved every year, that the really valuable books of reference of the future will be prepared by Americans. It is conspicuously illustrated, we think, by the volume now before us, ("The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations." By J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward. New York: I. K. Funk & Co.,) in which we can only suggest one improvement,—shifting the title so as to make it "The Practical Cyclopædia of Quotations." All that a book of its useful sort should have, it presents. Its character is well defined in the preface as "a practical assistant in composition and a useful addition to every library where books of reference hold a place." We know of no work that resembles it closely; but it may be described as occupying a place between Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" and such poetical cyclopædias as Harper's. Not merely the line or phrase in daily use is presented, in its correct form and with the indication of its origin and whereabouts; there is a wide and wisely made choice of complete passages, and all are arranged under special heads, according to their subject, so that one can not only refresh the memory, but may also find something appropriate, no matter what the theme needing to be illustrated, when the mind does not possess or cannot readily recall a fitting simile or explanatory phrase. We shudder when we think what myriads of poetical quotations the compilers will be responsible for, now that the rural orator, and the ambitious lover, and the decorator of albums, have such a treasury of wise and beautiful things ready to their hands. For instance, almost on the first page, under "Ambition," we find four columns and a half of extracts, some sixty in number, from Browning, Bryant, Bulwer, Carlyle, Churchill, Cicero, Colman the younger, Sir John Davies, Dryden, Emerson, George Herbert, Homer, Johnson, Longfellow, Owen Meredith, Milton, James Montgomery, Moore, Pollok, Pope, Quarles, Schiller, Scott, Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Willis, William Winter and Young. After nearly five hundred pages of

such quotations, comes a department devoted to unclassified short sayings of noted authors, arranged under their names; an admirable collection of quotations from the classical Latin authors, classified according to subjects and supplemented by translations; a wilderness of foreign proverbs, with translations, of Latin law terms, and of ecclesiastical terms and definitions; and, finally, a most thorough system of indexes, aided by the arrangement of the quotations themselves. Necessarily, there has been an immense amount of work done by the compilers, and it has been done so conscientiously, and with such good taste, that the result is a book which cannot be dispensed with by the literary workman and which should be among the first dozen volumes selected for any library, public or private. That it will become a standard work, it does not need a prophet or a son of a prophet to foretell, and we trust that in future editions some minor errors will be corrected, for which, apparently, the proof-readers or typographers are most to blame. Thus, on looking over the list of quoted authors, we encounter so many slips that we almost fancy our edition to be an uncorrected one. Why print "Æschylus," and not "Æschines"? why spell Hans Christian Andersen's name with an "o"? why call Marcus Aurelius "Antonius," instead of "Antoninus"? why make "Apollodorus" "Appolodorus"? why spell "Auersperg" "Auerspu"? why call Bacon "Lord Francis Bacon"? why make Charlotte Brontë a native of Ireland, and spell George Colman's name with an "e," and call Gladstone William "Evart," and Macaulay Thomas "Babbington," and put Bulwer under "L," and then only as a baronet? These slips are so patent and aggravating that it is pleasant to be able to vouch for the accuracy of the book in other and more important details, as, after a close and impartial scrutiny, we are able to do. The reader who wishes to obtain some idea of the labor involved and excellent results attained in this volume, has but to turn to the sections devoted to "Flowers,"—thirty-six large pages,—"Occupations,"—thirty pages,—or "Birds,"—thirteen pages.

Let us compare with this book the latest English work of the same kind ("A Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets." By Henry G. Bohn), which the London *Times* and other important journals have lauded to the skies. The book was first printed for private circulation by the veteran editor and publisher (whose services to the cause of good literature we are far from disparaging,) in 1867, and the few copies that got into circulation sold for five guineas each. It is a handsome book, but without an index, the compiler depending upon a classification by subjects, as the volume is intended, not only for readers desirous of verifying a quotation; but for writers desirous of finding a line or a verse bearing on any particular subject. It is a very difficult thing to devise an arrangement that will be satisfactory and intelligible to others as well as to the compiler; but Mr. Bohn does not even take reasonable trouble in arranging his matter. Suppose we look at "Aggression." We find *Shylock's* speech, "You take my house when you do take the prop," etc. Coleridge's "A sadder and a wiser man" figures under "Adversity." Under "Chatterton," is given the whole of Wordsworth's familiar quatrain, the last two lines of which do not refer to Chatterton at all. Scott's verse, beginning, "Within that awful volume lies," is made to refer to the Bible,—an idiotic blunder, though a common one. Mr. Bohn seems to quote from a defective memory, and at times from a disordered imagination. Where, in "As You Like It," or any other of Shakespeare's plays, is this to be found:

"Manhood, when verging into age, grows thoughtful,
Full of wise saws and moral instances?"

Byron's "Shrine of the mighty" is set down as an epitaph. Montrose's familiar quatrain, "He either fears his fate too much," is credited to Scott. John Phillips's "Splendid Shilling" is turned into "A Good Old Shilling." And so on, all through the book. Frequently, the same quotation appears under different heads, and rarely are the two versions alike. *Macbeth's* speech is on one page of the Hyrcan and on another of the Hyrcanean tiger. Præd's verse about the vicar—"His talk was like a stream which runs,"—occurs twice, and there are five variations in eight lines. *Macbeth's* speech, "And be these juggling fiends," appears on two successive pages, and neither version is correct. In a seven-line quotation from "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," we find five errors, and Mr. Bohn couldn't even get the line about "household words" straight. Such abominably sloven execution condemns his book irrevocably. And yet the London *Times* declares that, so far as it has verified the quotations, they are accurate! We are especially sorry for this, because, though Mr. Bohn's book contained a good deal of rubbish of his own writing, it abounded with extracts from the less-known of the Elizabethan and earlier poets. If these were accurate, they would redeem the work; but who would venture to trust an editor without conscience or industry enough to quote Shakespeare or Tennyson correctly. No! It is a wretched book, and, alas! it is resembled by too many alleged books of reference published in England. (London: George Bell & Sons.)

A very useful addition to hand-books like those of Dr. Brewer and Mr. Eliezer Edwards, is that left unfinished by the author of the well-known "Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction" ("Familiar Allusions," by William A. Wheeler). For the great mass of readers in this omnivorous and cosmopolitan age, nothing can be more valuable

than such a volume as this, wherein are contained "the names of celebrated statues, paintings, palaces, country-seats, churches, ships, streets, clubs, and the like, which are of very common occurrence, and, for the most part, are not alphabetically entered and explained in encyclopædias, dictionaries or gazetteers." The Messrs. Wheeler—the work was continued by Mr. Charles S. Wheeler on the death of the original projector,—have produced a more than excellent book, a perusal of which will commend it to readers no less than to writers. For instance, to take a single page at hazard, we find "Levite, Feast of the," "Lia Fail," "Libby Prison," "Liber Studiorum," "Liber Veritatis," "Liberian Basilica," "Liberties, The," "Liberty," "Liberty Bell," "Liberty Cap," "Liberty Club," "Liberty Tree," "Libyan Sibyl," "Lichfield Cathedral," "Lichtenstein," "Lido, The," "Liebenstein," "Liechtenstein," "Life, Fountain of," "Life of the Virgin," "Light of the World," "Limbo, The," and "Lincei, Accademia de'." To a brief but clear description of each title are added illustrative passages from different authors, with the happy effect, not only of enlightening the reader of some particular book, but of stimulating the inquirer to the reading of other books. The work of the editors has, as a rule, been done in the most admirable fashion, still, in the later editions, which will not be long in appearing, there are some slips we should like to see corrected. For instance, why confine "The Liberties" to Dublin, without investigating the subject in New York and Philadelphia? At times, too, we shall quarrel with the book for accepting long-received traditions, rather than the results of special researches. For instance, under "Beatrice Cenci," we have the familiar story of the Guido of the Barberini Palace. Yet, several years ago, Bertolotti established beyond cavil that Guido was never in Rome till nine years after the execution of Beatrice Cenci, and that the picture was the portrait of a model to be recognized in other compositions. Again, we object to making Pocahontas stand sponsor for the "Belle Savage" in London, for reasons which will be found set down in such books as Hindley's "Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings." Again, why should Mr. Wheeler set all our critical teeth on edge by speaking of Lichfield as a "town," under the heading, "Lichfield Cathedral"? The very fact of Lichfield having a cathedral would make it a city. Why, after taking the trouble (under "Bow Church,") to record the ancient prophecy about the meeting of the weathervanes of that edifice and of the Royal Exchange, omit to mention the fact that they did meet in a stone-cutter's yard a generation ago? Does the "Bowery Theatre" still exist in New York? Why, when the famous vessels of 1812 are recalled, forget the "Little Belt"? Why, when speaking of Downing Street, omit to credit America with some share in the name, which is more "British" than any other readily to be summoned? But we shall not multiply minor cavillings; but, on the contrary, express our approbation of the volume as well printed, unobtrusive and useful,—one that no literary worker who thoroughly appreciates the value of having the best tools at his hand, can despise, and to which even the man of wide reading will frequently be glad to resort, with the conviction that he has something to find out and that his doubts will be solved in Mr. Wheeler's book. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.)

CAROLINE FOX'S "MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS."—Caroline Fox was the daughter of a man of very considerable scientific distinction, and a member of a large family living in and near Falmouth, where their cluster of lovely houses attracted all the notable visitors to the picturesque and enticing Cornish coast. Born, bred and continuing through life a member of the Society of Friends, her journal ("Memories of Old Friends, Being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, Cornwall, from 1835 to 1871.") Edited by Horace N. Pym. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.,) gives constant and valuable evidence of her enjoyment of the rapid succession of clever people with whom she came in close contact, both at her own home and in frequent visits to London and throughout England and on the Continent. Her education was much above the average of that of young women then or now; but the best part of it was gained after the school-room door was closed and when she was mistress of her own time. The earlier entries in her journal relate largely to the scientific men who were friends and co-workers of her father; but besides these she early made acquaintance with Hartley and Derwent Coleridge and W. E. Forster, and gives a very interesting account of the weird son of the great poet. Her marked intellectual activity, however, began later on, when John Sterling came to be their neighbor and friend; for through him their circle soon included John Stuart Mill and the Carlyles, the brother as well as the wife of Carlyle counting for a great deal. Much of the journal is filled with a report of what John Sterling said; and, as his conversation was wonderfully brilliant and attractive,—so much so as to gain high praise from Hare, and Maurice, and Trench,—it well deserves preservation.

So many of the *bons mots* recorded in very un-Quakerish phrase by this most honest of Friends, have found their way into print, both before the publication of this book and since, that it is difficult to select examples of her appreciation of the sort of wit current in her set. Perhaps characteristic of her enjoyment of the use or abuse of

the world's language, is her story of that bishop, (was it Philpott?) who, when a modest and conscientious clergyman, in reading the communion service, substituted "condemnation," screamed out: "Damnation!" in a most effective manner, to the undisguised astonishment of the congregation. But the whole book is redolent of a healthy tone of Quakerism, showing that among the English Friends, the Buxtons and Gurneys, the Foxes, and their friends, and their family, a large and important circle, and strong in all the best elements of an active religious life and a faith accompanied by good works, there was no hostility, not even indifference, to the great intellectual pleasures of the world. Miss Fox, herself, was a frequent visitor of picture galleries, an enthusiastic lover of the best sculpture, and both fond of studying collections of original drawings and fine engravings, and quite at home in the Louvre and the Vatican, as well as in some of the houses of her own rich friends, where good examples of art, both ancient and modern, were often shown to the best advantage under her intelligent criticism. The "Quaker clothes religion," as Carlyle called it, was quite unknown in her circle, and she, and her family and friends, would have heard with undisguised astonishment of a late discussion as to the propriety of a course of lectures given by the Association of Young Men Friends being delivered in the lecture-room of the Academy of Fine Arts, one orthodox Friend positively declining to attend, and another going only with the distinct promise that there should be nothing in the way of pictures or sculpture to distract attention. John Sterling was so largely the popular oracle in the Fox family, that many of the best results of his well-stored mind and generous gift of knowledge in conversation are here preserved, and he stands forth a much more lovable man than in either Hare's orthodox biography or in Carlyle's bitter sketch of all that was heterodox in Sterling's opinions and utterances. Sterling cleverly said that "Kant thought fifteen volumes;" he repeated Goethe's generous praise of Schiller: "I never heard from him an insignificant word." Characteristic of the honest confession of her ignorance, was Miss Fox's statement that she thought Spinoza an Italian, and was surprised to hear—from Sterling, of course,—that he was a Dutch Jew. Her own early judgment of Carlyle has been thoroughly confirmed of late, that his conversation and his general views were curiously dyspeptic, his indigestion coloring everything, and characteristic enough was his own saying that if the devil had his stomach he would be better occupied than in disturbing the world's peace. With equal cleverness, she praised Mrs. Carlyle's hearty sympathy in the background and brilliant talent in front, and she saw and said that the pair were not well matched; for Carlyle was selfishly indifferent in the attention due such a wife, while her own early womanly passion for studies of a very deep kind was repressed by his rugged nature and his utter absorption in his own pursuits, in each and all of which she was an untiring help-mate and most loyal supporter.

John Stuart Mill was wise and unselfish enough to warn her that to read his logic would make their friendship a burthen, and pointed out the chapters that would reward her industry; he gave his own, too, as an example of a mistaken youth and an unsympathetic old age by consequence of his joyless early life under his father's ceaseless round of industrious studies and solely intellectual culture. In the same warning strain, Hartley Coleridge spoke of the Arnolds as suckled in Latin and weaned in Greek. On the other hand, Miss Fox speaks with honest admiration of Florence Nightingale, who, when still a young girl at home, talked at her father's table with one neighbor of geology and with another of Egyptology, and then floored a professor opposite with her Latin and Greek. Tennyson spoke of John Ruskin as one who had said many foolish things; but what would Tennyson say of his Quaker friend when he reads that in her journal she records her meeting with Tupper, and that his conversation did not equal the standard of his didactic poem, "Proverbial Philosophy;" and this from a woman who in her youth knew Wordsworth, and in her maturer years made acquaintance with Henry Taylor and Aubrey de Vere? She was more in her element with John Bright, who was great fun and always ready for a chat and fulmination. The index to this volume is quite a roll of the great names of English letters and science in the generation to which Miss Fox belonged, and many of those who are here mentioned appear in very loving light in the delicate portraiture of this sympathetic woman. The letters are far less interesting than the journals; but both have been edited with most becoming charity and a tender regard for the memory alike of the living and the dead.

JUDGE TOURGÉE'S "JOHN EAX."—This latest story, by a writer whose severest critics have been compelled to admit his powers, ("John Eax." By Albion W. Tourgée. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert,)—by the way, the book contains a second tale, "Mamelon," the scene of which also is laid in the South,—will be a disappointment to the reader who expects another "Fool's Errand" or more "Bricks Without Straw;" but a gratifying disappointment, we take it. After all, the writer who deals with a political or "sectional" subject must expect—even if his motives be not questioned, and malice, pique or a desire for profitable notoriety be not laid at his door,—to address only a half audience of sympathetic readers; and Judge Tourgée's racy humor, ingenuity, dramatic instinct and strong graphic power ought to be

enjoyed by the widest possible constituency. It need not be said that the author still abides in his theory that the people of the North and those of the South are different by nature and through training, and so mutually complementary, and that the races not only are not and will not be one and the same, but should not be. This is recognizing the Continental idea, if we may so express it, which is the one too frequently overlooked. People who admit and can account for the differences between the neighboring Latin peoples of Europe, are unable or unwilling to see that, under conditions still more favorable to the development of points of difference, radical differences must exist in America. "John Eax" really contains material for a much larger volume, being the story of a Southern youth of high temper and strong will, who brings upon himself a vehement contest with his family and caste by persisting in his love for the niece of his father's overseer, has to escape to the North, and there undergoes a new process of education and development, and finally returns, when the war sweeps southward, to have the tangled skein set right and begin a new future with hope and happiness.

In "Mamelon," we have the experience of the young Southerner, who, after fighting gallantly for the "stars and bars," attempts with equal courage the more difficult task of retrieving his broken fortunes, and when, through his lack of practical training, he finds his affairs in a desperate case, is enabled to succeed through the advice and assistance of a shrewd Northern manufacturer. The two stories are artistically and effectively contrasted with each other, and, as the author has an impartial eye and a sure pen in depicting types and traits, his volume is a most readable work and one that cannot fail to reach and impress favorably a wide constituency of readers. We shall hope that his new literary enterprise will not prevent him from giving us other and more extended studies of American character and life.

SHAIRP'S "ASPECTS OF POETRY."—Principal Shairp ranks at the head of the Wordsworthian school as a critic. He so far agrees with the "art for art's sake" people as to treat poetry itself as a very serious business, not a frivolous amusement. In his earlier works on "Culture and Religion," "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," and the "Poetic Interpretation of Nature," he explained at sufficient length his theory of the functions of poetry. We do not accept his view as the very highest. We think Professor Dowden was amply justified in his criticism of the last book of the series when he maintained that getting meanings out of nature never can be the poet's highest function, and that Wordsworth himself did not regard it as such. But Mr. Shairp's view is both valuable and suggestive. If he is disposed to cut the poet's singing-robes too much after the form of a surplice, he, at any rate, errs on the safe side, and may be regarded as a wholesome corrective to much of the practice and theory of the art school. Too often, "art for art's sake" means "filth for filth's sake;" and in the age of "Laus Veneris" and "Charmides," it is well to remember the greater and purer singer of the Westmoreland hills.

The present volume ("Aspects of Poetry.") By John Campbell Shairp, LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a series of lectures before the University of Oxford, where Mr. Shairp has been filling the chair of poetry. As he explains in the preface, the disjointed fashion in which these lectures must be delivered almost forbids any continuous treatment of the theme. We think the result is a much more attractive book than would have been a continuous series of lecture essays. Four lectures are devoted to the theory of poetry, one to poetic style in modern English poetry, and then Virgil, Shelley, Ossian, Duncan MacIntyre, Wordsworth, Scott, Carlyle and Newman are treated successively, the master getting two lectures. We think Mr. Shairp should have omitted Shelley. We see nothing to dissent from in the criticism to which he subjects that substanceless singer of empty moods. What there is in Shelley, his subtlety, and so forth, Mr. Shairp is not likely to appreciate at its full worth; and poetry is so many-sided that any critic runs a great risk in taking up a poet whose merits do not correspond with his own theory of the art. Besides, Mr. Bagehot already has done full justice to the weak side of Shelley's poetry,—its want of any substantial human interest,—and his words might be left to sink into men's hearts. But we suppose the temptation was too great. Shelley is the war-cry of the school to whose influence Mr. Shairp is most antagonistic. He is pleaded as authority and sanction for abominations he would have abhorred. He was a passionate and pure lover of at least an abstraction which he called humanity; his own personality was too undeveloped to enable him to grasp humanity in the concrete. But he has many followers who profess no love of humanity, either abstract or concrete, and who copy him in everything except his purity.

The two chapters on Gaelic poetry, Ossian and MacIntyre, are the most characteristic in the book. Mr. Shairp walks warily amid the entanglement of the Ossianic controversy; but he manages to convey to his readers the conclusion reached by all who have an acquaintance with Celtic scholarship. MacPherson may have dressed up Ossian to suit his age and his own poetic idiosyncrasy, as revealed in the poem he published soon after he left college. But he did not invent Ossian.

In every corner of the Highlands, and in many parts of Ireland, linger fragments of an ancient Gaelic poetry of which Ossian (or Oisín,) is the traditional author,—very much as David is supposed to have written all the Psalms,—and in which Fingal and other heroes figure. Mr. Standish O'Grady, in the first two volumes of his "History of Ireland," gives the Irish and probably the older version of the great cycle of Celtic legends, and we can commend his work as the best and fullest treatment of a subject fresh to most readers. In the lecture on Duncan MacIntyre, Mr. Shairp glances at the remarkable body of later Gaelic poetry, and illustrates this from the verses of the best of all these writers. It is too much to hope that these remarkable specimens will stimulate any study of this poetry in its original sources; but it may lead some to look into Professor Blackie's little work, in which the subject is treated at some length. We are glad to see that Mr. Shairp unites with Coleridge and Blackie in denouncing the Highland clearances, or wholesale eviction of the people.

Mr. Shairp's style is sober, strong and clear. On every topic he has discussed, he gives material for thought; and most readers will rise from his book, not merely with a clearer view of the nature and functions of poetry, but with a wholesome ethical stimulus. The book is well printed, and in a compacter and handier form than the English edition. We observe one notable misprint. Coleridge is made to instance Hooker, Baker and Burke as writers whose vocabulary is as natural as that of pedants. We presume Bacon is the second of this trio.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- BELIEFS ABOUT MAN. By M. J. Savage. Pp. 130. George H. Ellis, Boston.
- THE GOSPEL IN THE STARS; OR, PRIMÆVAL ASTRONOMY. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D. Pp. 452. \$1.50. E. Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.
- OUR HOMES. ("American Health Primers." Edited by W. W. Keen, M. D.) By Henry Hartshorne, A. M., M. D., formerly Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Pp. 149. \$0.30. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.
- ECCLESIA ANGLICANA: A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN ENGLAND, FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIMES. By the Rev. Charles Arthur Jennings, M. A., Jesus College, Cambridge. Pp. 502. \$2.25. Thomas Whitaker, New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.
- MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE. A Romance in Real Life. By Jules Clarétie. Translated from the French by John Stirling. Pp. 462. \$0.75. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.
- HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART. By William Morris. Pp. 217. \$1.25. Roberts Brothers, Boston. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)
- DOROTHY. A Country Story in Elegiac Verse. Pp. 227. \$1.25. Roberts Brothers, Boston. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)
- VACCINATION: ARGUMENTS PRO AND CON. With a Chapter on the Hygiene of Small-Pox. By Joseph F. Edwards, M. D. Pp. 80. \$0.50. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD & CO., of Philadelphia, have in press a new and important work on political economy,—*"Conversations on the Principal Subjects of Political Economy,"* by Dr. William Elder. The author is known as one of the best informed statisticians of the school of Carey and Colwell, and his work will be received with much interest.

P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, have begun the issue of *The Medical Register: A Record of the Literature of Medicine and the Allied Sciences*. It will appear monthly, at one dollar a year, and will replace the *American Specialist*, heretofore published by the same firm.

Mr. Charles Heber Clark, one of Philadelphia's notable literary men, has just dissolved the connection he had maintained for fifteen years with the *Evening Bulletin*, as one of its editorial staff, and has purchased a half interest in *The Textile Record* of Philadelphia, the representative journal of the great textile industries of the country, and edited by Mr. Lorin Blodget. Mr. Clark is best known in literature by his books of humor, under the pseudonym of "Max Adeler;" but these have been only the extra work of a laborious and painstaking journalist.

On Wednesday of last week, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birthday of Washington, James R. Osgood & Co. published a magnificent large quarto book, containing reproductions of the sixty most famous portraits and statues of George Washington, with nearly three hundred broad pages of anecdotal and biographical descriptive matter. The work was prepared by Miss E. B. Johnston, of Washington City, who has had exceptional opportunities of getting hitherto unpublished facts from the old families of Maryland and Virginia.

The Critic of February 25th has an article on "The Education of American Naval Officers," and Arthur Penn contributes an essay on "The Growth of Caricature," F. Marion Crawford a metrical translation from the Sanscrit, and Miss Edith M. Thomas a sonnet called "Rotation."

A Ruskin society has been formed at Sheffield for promoting the study and circulation of Mr. Ruskin's works and aiding his practical efforts for social improvement.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce that they have in press, and nearly ready for issue, "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," by John Habberton. It is described as "full of fun and humor, vivid and pathetic, with a sweet undercurrent of pathos." The same publishers have just issued "Monsieur le Ministre," by M. Clarétie, another of the novels in which Gambetta is supposed to be presented.

One of the most successful of the minor English novelists is Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, the author of "The Leaden Casket." Hers is a clever family. Mr. Hunt is one of the best landscape artists in London; and their daughter, Violet, is blossoming into a poet.

Robert Buchanan has been practically preparing himself to write a novel on one of the forms of social injustice in England. He has married this winter in Switzerland his dead wife's sister. This marriage, of course, like that of Holman Hunt, is not legal in England.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. will publish, during the first half of March, "The Simple Ailments of Horses: Their Nature and Treatment," by W. F., late Principal and Lecturer on Veterinary Surgery at the Edinburgh Veterinary College; and "English Journalism and the Men Who Made It," by Charles Pebody, being Volume XIII. of "Cassell's Popular Library."

The Fireside Publishing Company, Philadelphia, announce the immediate issue (about March 20th,) of a subscription book, entitled "American Politics, from the Beginning to Date." It is designed as a hand-book, on a very extensive scale, of data relating to the politics of the United States down to the present time, with a history of parties, record of important Congressional proceedings, details of votes on great questions, speeches by eminent leaders, etc., etc., besides the usual tables of popular votes, and similar statistics. It is designed to make a volume of about eleven hundred pages, and has been written and compiled by Mr. Thomas V. Cooper, editor of the *Media (Pa.) American*, and member of the Pennsylvania Senate, and Mr. Hector T. Fenton, of the bar of Philadelphia.

Mr. George P. Lathrop, who has been spending the winter in Philadelphia, has in the press of J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, a new novel, entitled "In the Distance." It will appear at once. The scene is laid in New England.

A collection of the papers of De Witt Clinton is to be published, under the editorship of his son, Judge Clinton of Albany.

Estes & Lauriat, Boston, have just ready Duntzer's "Life of Goethe," a crown octavo, with sixty-four illustrations.

Something of a furore has been created by a new English novel,—"John Inglesant," by J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan & Co., New York, announce it as one of their series of popular novels, at a dollar each.

Professor Huxley is now engaged upon a work which he and his friends think will prove to be the greatest of his life. It deals with Bishop Berkeley and his contributions to mental and medical science.

The next novel in James R. Osgood & Co.'s popular "Round Robin Series" will be "A Tallahassee Girl," which will appear immediately.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London, will shortly publish a "Charles Dickens Birthday Book." Miss Dickens has compiled the volume, which has cost her more than a year of labor. Mrs. C. E. Perugini supplies five illustrations; namely, a frontispiece and the seasons. They are not taken from any thing or character in Dickens's works, but the models are all of children.

"I have often," says Professor Charles Kendall Adams, of the University of Michigan, "heard these questions asked: 'What histories shall I read with most profit?' 'What histories shall my son and my daughter read?' 'What ought our historical club to do?' 'What histories ought we buy for our town and college libraries, and what shall I buy for my own?'" Professor Adams has addressed himself to the answering of them by the preparation of a very handy and mind-saving volume, which he calls "A Manual of Historical Literature," now in the press of Harper & Brothers. In it he gives a brief and thoughtful description of all the notable histories that there are in the English, French and German tongues, and accompanies it with a suggestive commentary as to the methods of historical study. It is a well-conceived and excellently devised work.

The issues of *Littell's Living Age* for February 18th and 25th contain a large number of the most important recent articles from foreign periodicals. Among them are "Carthage and Tunis," *Edinburgh*; "Old and New Canons of Poetical Criticism," *Contemporary*; "The Sicily of Thucydides and Theocritus," *Nineteenth Century*; "The Man With the Red Hair," "A Bit of Loot," and "How the Stars Got Their Names," *Cornhill*; "Inside Kairwan," *Blackwood*; "An English Slave in Madagascar," *Temple Bar*; "The Life of Richard Cobden, by John Morley," *Macmillan*; "Youth and Age," and "The Chinese Navy," *Spectator*; "Blacks in Greenland," *Pall Mall Gazette*; "The Persecution of the Jews in Russia and Germany," *Times and Morning Post*; "Bess: a Character Sketch," *Chambers's Journal*; and the usual amount of poetry.

Mr. C. S. Reinhart, whose work in periodical illustration has carried him into the front rank of artists in black and white, has lately taken a studio in Paris, where he is engaged on several important orders for the illustrated publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. One of his notable works is his Spanish sketches, of which a series has lately been begun in *Harper's Monthly*.

ART NOTES.

AT the rooms of the Ladies' Art Association, 24 West Fourteenth Street, New York, nearly one hundred and fifty sketches and studies by Bayard Taylor were exhibited on Saturday evening. Except two paintings in oil, they were water-colors, executed during Mr. Taylor's travels, chiefly in 1857-9 and 1867-8, the subjects being principally landscapes and sketches of buildings, with a few figures. There were views in Greece, Switzerland, Majorca, Italy, Norway and California. While the sketches were shown only as the work of an amateur, and on account of the interest felt in their

author, they showed plainly the versatility of Mr. Taylor's powers and indicated what artistic possibilities were within his grasp if his genius had not been so thoroughly absorbed by literature.

An art exhibition is announced to be held at Macon, Georgia, in October.

A bust of Voltaire, by C. E. Dallin, of Utah, who is a pupil of the Boston sculptor, T. H. Bartlett, is on exhibition in that city.

Morot, the painter of "The Good Samaritan," is decorating the *grande salle des fetes* of the *hôtel de ville* and the Musée Lorraine at Nancy. The State pays sixty-thousand francs and the city thirty thousand.

Bonnat is to do for the Paris Pantheon a painting of "The Martyrdom of St. Denis," and Meissonier "Episodes of the Life of St. GENEVIEVE." The former is to be paid twenty thousand francs and the latter fifty thousand. Baudry is finishing his decorative paintings of the life of Joan of Arc for the same building. J. P. Laurens's four decorative panels on the last scenes of the life of St. GENEVIEVE, the patron saint of Paris, were to be unveiled in February.

Two works of art have just been added to the museum of the Louvre at Paris. One is an Etruscan cup, with designs on it representing the story of Priam. It bears the signature "Brygos," well known to the admirers of ancient art, and was purchased at the Banneville sale for eleven thousand francs. The other new acquisition is a marble statue larger than life, discovered in Samos, and it will be placed in the Archaic-Greek *salle*, the ceiling of which, painted by Proudhon, represents Diana.

The Council of the English Royal Academy has determined to include in the winter exhibition for 1883 a large collection of the works of John Linnell. The intention is to fill one or two of the rooms in Burlington House with the productions of this artist, and efforts will be made to induce the owners of his paintings to assist in making the collection as complete as possible.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

METEORITES are probably the result of the disintegration of some planet that formerly existed. Their composition differs from that of the earth's surface in its denser, more metallic character; but the metals are iron, nickel, and others that occur on our globe, and the evidence of meteorites, like that of the spectroscope, points to the essential unity of the universe. This resemblance in chemical composition has led many to suspect a resemblance in the life of the far-removed planetary bodies, and some have hoped that meteorites might help to solve this problem. Last year, a German geologist, examining some meteorites that fell in Hungary, found therein numerous small star-like and fan-like radiations, resembling greatly the forms of terrestrial corals and sponges. There was the central calicle, the radiating septa, of a cup coral; here were the branching canals of a sponge, and here, again, the spreading arms of a crinoid. The chief point of divergence from earthly characters was the small size of the objects. He published a full account of his examinations and conclusions, which were concurred in by some zoölogists, and accompanied the description with beautiful plates showing the structure of the supposed organisms. Far and wide the news spread; but soon came opposition and denial. Corals and crinoids are formed, as regards their solid parts, of carbonate of lime, and it was not unnaturally asked what had become of this substance. Then it was shown that a mineral known as "enstatite," common in meteorites, often assumes forms similar to those which were too readily taken for fossils. A French *savant* has artificially produced this mineral from its elements, and has also reproduced the so-called fossil forms. So we cannot assert the existence of corals in any world but this.

Experiments made by M. Jalan de la Croix, with a view to test the relative powers of various poisons in destroying microscopic organisms, go to prove that in all cases the dose that prevents the development of such organisms is not sufficiently strong to stay that development when once commenced, and that it is not always the substance that is most powerful to prevent that is most powerful to kill. Alcohol and chloroform are the weakest among the poisons tested; but, while the latter has a preventive power more than four times that of the former, it possesses little more than half the strength to kill microscopic life. The strongest preventives appear to be chlorine, 1,150 times; bromine, 695 times; iodine, 667 times; sulphuric acid, 559 times; and hypochloride of calcium, 436 times, that of alcohol. On the other hand, bi-chloride of mercury will kill when diluted with 2,525 times as much water as can be added to chloroform and six times as much as can be added to chlorine. The matter is, however, too complex to be settled by a single series of experiments.

Metchnikoff, in a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences, gives some interesting particulars of the geology of Japan. The central portion of the principal island is a mass of volcanic rocks, bordered to the east by palæozoic rocks, which die away in the great alluvial plain of Simosa-Mouzasi. The only mountains in Japan that exceed a height of three thousand metres are volcanoes, and bear the names of Fouzisan, Yari-ga-také, and Mi-také, or Ou-také. These volcanoes consist of beds of volcanic rocks resting upon granite or metamorphic rocks. The only glacier is that of Naitsi, upon the double summit of Siro-yama, a volcano that has been extinct for four centuries. The highest non-volcanic summit is Oho-miné, about eighteen hundred metres above the sea.

Almost more singular than the artificial production of what were believed to be meteoric fossils, is the discovery that many of the algae, or sea-weeds, that have been described and figured as natives of Silurian seas, are nothing more than the trails of marine animals. Herr Nathorst, the celebrated Swedish palæontologist, has, by experiments on living animals, carried the doubt, with which some had previously looked upon these algae, into almost a certainty that they are mythic. Soft gypsum, crawled

over by shrimps and other small crustacea, presented trails shaped like some genera of so-called algae, and, when fine sediment from the sea-bottom was taken up, with the animals that were in it, and placed in vessels, the surface of the soft mud that settled was soon covered with trails, showing that the ocean-bottom, wherever silty, must be written over with them. Trails of annelids looked like *Chondrites*; a serpent star (*Amphiura*), lying flat and moving the tips of its arms, made a fan-like frond, and so on. These trails have been fixed by pouring soft gypsum over them, and are reproduced in illustrations that look so like plants that it is hard to believe they are not. Even the twisting trails of grubs, in a garden after rain, looked, when fixed by gypsum, like *Palaechorda*, a described Silurian alga. Herr Nathorst believes *Eophyton*, which has given its name to a series of sandstones in Sweden, to be only the trails of *medusa*, or jelly-fishes.

DRIFT.

—Describing the Hoosac tunnel, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, Mr. N. H. Egleston says: "When the headings from the central shaft and from the eastern portal came together, as come together they did, their alignments swerved from each other by the almost infinitesimal space of five-sixteenths of an inch! It was an unparalleled feat of engineering. With the best engineering talent of Europe, the opposite arms of the Mont Cenis tunnel had a divergence of more than half a yard."

—Mr. R. G. Haliburton writes again to *Nature*, this time from Tangiers, with reference to primitive traditions concerning the Pleiades. He has found in Morocco traces of the belief that these stars are the centre of the universe and the abode of the Deity, and also confirmation of his idea that they were observed in early ages by means of openings, or passages, in temples. In the Sahara, there are temples in which the year is still regulated in this way. Observations are taken through a tube from the top of the building, the bore of this tube being very small above and larger below. The Berber tribes build their tents with a hole at the top, so that the young men who are being instructed may see the stars passing overhead. Mr. Haliburton is more than ever convinced that the widespread identities which exist as to the year of the Pleiades and its traditions must be inherited, if not from a common ancestor, at least from a common source.

—The *New York Evening Post* has the following suggestive comments on the churches of unbelief: "The fact is,—and neither religious people nor agnostics ought to shrink from recognizing it,—that, while on the one hand the number of agnostics in the world is constantly increasing, on the other all attempts to build up an agnostic church are futile. It is only in England and the United States that this is not admitted by thinking men. There are plenty of agnostics in Germany, France and Italy; but a Frenchman, German or Italian who reaches this condition of mind does not go about discussing with his friends the possibility of building up a new ecclesiastical organization on the basis of a common agreement that there is no rational foundation for any supernatural belief, nor collect subscriptions for the purpose of 'hiring a hall' in which to worship without worshipping anyone in particular. He simply conforms his behavior to his conclusions, and ceases to talk or to think about matters of which he believes himself to know nothing. It is a strong proof of the deep hold which religion has on our race, that Englishmen and Americans will do almost anything rather than this."

—An attempt is being made in Madrid to organize an association similar to the Folklore Society, which is doing much good work in England. The Spanish language does not appear to have an exact equivalent for the word coined by Mr. W. J. Thoms, and hence it is intended to style the new body the "Academia Nacional de Letras Populares."

—"I remember," says Mr. Richard Grant White, in a recent magazine article, "that, as I was walking one day, in my early boyhood, with my father, in Maiden Lane, he pointed out to me a little, shambling old man, with a rumpled white cravat, hair whiter than his cravat, and a rusty black coat,—a very forlorn and doleful-looking creature. 'When you are older,' my father said, 'the time will come when you will remember that you have seen that man; that is Aaron Burr.'"

—Professor Tyler of Amherst College gives in *Our Continent* an interesting description of the antiquarian labors now conducting in Greece under the direction of the Archaeological Institute of America. He states that the explorers sent out by the Institute, Messrs. Clark and Bacon, with their youthful associates, have been progressing with the exploration of the ruins at Assos, where they have surveyed and mapped out the Acropolis, studied the site and remains of the famous old Doric temple, so as to be able for the first time to give, not only an exact ground-plan of it, but an elevation complete in all essentials, and have uncovered sculptures which are said to be of special interest as illustrating the gradual Hellenizing of Oriental types and artistic methods.

—In his message to the Legislature of that Territory, Governor Hoyt of Wyoming speaks as follows in relation to woman suffrage: "Elsewhere, objectors persist in calling this honorable statute of ours an 'experiment.' We know that it is not; that under it we have better laws, better officers, better morals, and a higher social condition in general, than could otherwise exist; that not one of the predicted evils, such as loss of native delicacy and disturbance of home relations, has followed in its train; that the great body of our women, and the best of them, have accepted the elective franchise as a precious boon, and exercise it as a patriotic duty; in a word, that, after twelve years of happy experience, woman suffrage is so thoroughly rooted and established in the minds and hearts of this people, that, among them all, no voice is ever uplifted in protest against or in question of it."

—Shakespeare's birthday is to be celebrated at Stratford this spring by the performance of memorial plays.

FINANCIAL AND TRADE REVIEW.

THURSDAY, March 2.

WITH some reaction from the extremely depressed condition of a week ago, the stock markets have still remained weak, and prices have not advanced, except in particular instances. The exportation of specie to Europe has continued, though not in very heavy sums. Money has occasionally been stringent for stock purchasers, and the same lack of confidence in speculative operations, especially in railroad shares, that has marked the course of the market for months, still shows itself.

The Philadelphia market yesterday was officially quoted "unsettled." The closing prices (sales,) were as follows: Northern Pacific, common, 32; Northern Pacific, preferred, 70½; Pennsylvania Railroad, 60¼; Reading Railroad (buyer, 3 days), 29; Buffalo, Pittsburg and Western (seller, 60 days), 17¾; Catawissa Railroad, 19; Underground Electric Telegraph Company, \$1.00; Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, 15; United Companies of New Jersey Railroad, 185; Lehigh Navigation, 43.

The closing prices of principal stocks in New York yesterday were as follows: New York Central, 131¼; New York, Lake Erie and Western, 36¾; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, 114½; Chicago and Northwestern, common, 130½; Chicago and Northwestern, preferred, 140¼; Ohio and Mississippi, 30¾; Pacific Mail, 40½; Western Union, 78¾; Milwaukee and St. Paul, common, 108½; Milwaukee and St. Paul, preferred, 120; New Jersey Central, 91¾; Delaware and Hudson, 106½; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, 123½; Michigan Central, 81½; Union Pacific, 113½; Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific, 32½; Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific, preferred, 56½; Hannibal and St. Joseph, common, 90; Hannibal and St. Joseph, preferred, 80; St. Paul and Omaha, 32; St. Paul and Omaha, preferred, 100; Louisville and Nashville, 75½; Kansas and Texas, 30; Nashville and Chattanooga, 64; Denver and Rio Grande, 62¾; New York, Ontario and Western, 24; Norfolk and Western, preferred, 48½; Mobile and Ohio, 27; Erie and Western, 30¾; Canada Southern, 47½; Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central, 11½; Manhattan Elevated Railway, 54; Metropolitan Elevated Railway, 87; Central Pacific, 89; Missouri Pacific, 93¾; Texas Pacific, 39¾; Colorado Coal, 43¾; Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western, 40; Ohio Central, 20; Peoria, Decatur and Ev., 29; Milwaukee and Lake Shore, 45½; Rochester and Pittsburg, 31; Memphis and Charleston, 61½; East Tennessee, common, 12; East Tennessee, preferred, 19; Richmond and Danville, 165½.

The closing quotations of United States securities in New York on Tuesday were as follows:

	Bid.	Asked.
United States 4½s, 1891, registered,	113¾	113¾
United States 4½s, 1891, coupon,	113¾	113¾
United States 4s, 1907, registered,	117	117½
United States 4s, 1907, coupon,	117½	118½
United States currency 6s, 1895,	125	
United States currency 6s, 1896,	126	
United States currency 6s, 1897,	127	
United States currency 6s, 1898,	128	
United States currency 6s, 1899,	129	
Continued 6s,	100¾	101
Continued 5s,	102	102½

The official statement issued by the United States Treasury Department on Wednesday shows the decrease of the public debt during February to be \$9,783,511.63; cash in the Treasury, \$252,617,648.17; gold certificates outstanding, \$5,188,120; silver certificates outstanding, \$68,674,580; certificates of deposit outstanding, \$11,550,000; refunding certificates outstanding, \$546,450; legal-tenders outstanding, \$346,681,016; fractional currency outstanding, \$7,065,877.67; cash balance available, \$155,147,338.86.

The statement made on the 25th by the banks of New York City showed a loss of \$2,505,300 in reserve, the amount held being \$1,433,075 less than the legal requirement. The principal items, comparatively stated, were as follows:

	February 18.	February 25.	Differences.
Loans,	\$328,659,300	\$325,034,900	Dec. \$3,624,400
Specie,	59,479,000	55,753,800	Dec. 3,725,200
Legal tenders,	18,065,000	17,260,700	Dec. 804,300
Deposits,	305,887,100	297,790,300	Dec. 8,096,800
Circulation,	19,975,000	20,066,700	Inc. 91,700

The Philadelphia banks in their statement of the same date also showed a large decrease in reserve. The principal items are as follows:

	February 18.	February 25.	Differences.
Loans,	\$77,505,803	\$78,198,611	Inc. \$692,808
Reserve,	20,711,149	19,305,055	Dec. 1,406,094
Deposits,	56,876,827	56,010,301	Dec. 866,526
Circulation,	10,978,941	11,035,455	Inc. 56,514
Clearings,	52,658,121	45,871,680	Inc. 6,786,441

The statement of the business of all lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburg and Erie, for January, 1882, as compared with the same month in 1881, shows an increase in gross earnings of \$184,106, an increase in expenses of \$316,701, a decrease in net earnings of \$132,595. All lines west of Pittsburg and Erie, for January, 1882, show a surplus over liabilities of \$9,741, being a loss, as compared with the same period of 1881, of \$371,466.

There were several different shipments of specie to Europe (mostly London,) last week, the aggregate reaching \$1,709,563, of which \$1,525,000 were gold.

Messrs. Robert Glendinning & Co., bankers and brokers, 303 Chestnut Street, issue a neat pamphlet giving the highest and lowest quotations of Philadelphia securities during 1881, and another larger manual giving statistics in relation to railroads, grain, produce, cotton, mining, etc., for the same year. Many of the tables in the latter are very elaborate and complete.

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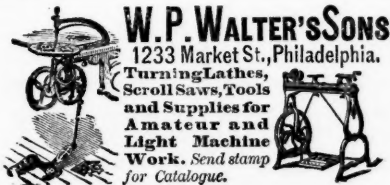
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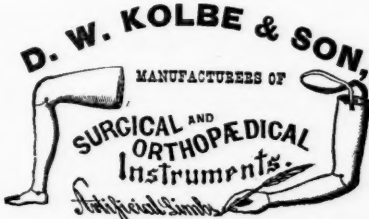
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